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THE NATION

NOVEMBER 21, 1966 *35 cents*

OUT TO GET SNCC

A TALE OF TWO CITIES PAUL GOOD

HISPANIOLA '66

HAITI

Chaotic and Corrupt GERARD R. LATORTUE

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DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Burden of the Past KAL WAGENHEIM

RUSSIA'S REBEL ARTISTS

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LETTERS

too much to lose?

Cuernavaca, Mexico

DEAR SIRS: I find Charles Roberts' article ["The Press Views LBJ: Fearsome Antagonist," *The Nation,* Oct. 24] somewhat naive. How can he hope that Johnson could *ever* be "convinced that Presidents of the United States must tell the truth, and nothing but the whole, unvarnished truth" when he has so much to hide?

Robert S. Hartman

angry encounter

Lima, Peru

DEAR SIRS: I have read the article by Clayton Eshleman ["Explorations in the Apolitical," *The Nation,* Sept. 26] in which he refers to me, among others. Since the phrases attributed to me are partly false and might lead to mistaken and harmful judgments about myself, I request publication of the following clarification:

> I did not say that the students of the Universidad Agraria are in great part Communist. Neither did I say that two professors lost their positions due to the reasons Mr. Eshleman stated nor for any other. Contrary to what he states, it was he who came to my house.

Such inaccuracies, to say the least, are probably due on the one hand to Mr. Eshleman's beginner's Spanish, and on the other, to his temperament, in this case strongly heightened by anger. It is easy to understand that both these conditions should impede or disturb normal communications.

Javier Sologuren

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Sologuren's letter answers itself. I was furious, as he says, because he had just copped out on me and on *Quena, giving the very reasons he now disclaims.* I asked him, can't *I* talk with those students, can't I tell them what I am trying to do, and if they accept it, wouldn't it take the pressure off you? Sologuren refused to have anything else to do with *Quena* that would involve his name. The matter was closed. It is, however, true that this took place in his house.

Clayton Eshleman

correction

Albany, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: In reference to my recent article on state legislatures ["Legislation: The 100-Year Lag," *The Nation,* Nov. 7], I would like to make it clear that the National Conference of State Legislative Leaders did not meet in Nevada and Louisiana the same year but in different years.

David H. Beetle

no racist

Hagerstown, Md.

DEAR SIRS: There are many thousands of whites like myself who supported the August, 1963, March on Washington who are now disgusted with the violent demonstrations by Negroes. . . . We can't understand why when a policeman arrests a Negro suspect or lawbreaker a swarm of Negroes flock to the scene and often the policeman is in greater danger than his prisoner. . . .

Other minorities years ago lived and labored under worse circumstances than do the Negroes today. Unlike the Negroes, they did not terrorize a city in order to improve their lot. Nor did they go around shouting Jew Power, Italian Power, etc. Wake up. Not everyone who deplores Negro extremism is a racist.

Howard Keats

EDITORIALS

The Elections

There was less bad news in the returns than might have been anticipated. While the Republican Party has not yet overcome its internal divisions, it has made a substantial recovery from the debacle of 1964. With Republican governors in the four key states of New York, California, Michigan and Pennsylvania the party is in a strong tactical position for the battle of 1968. On balance, the liberal-moderate element in the party has been strengthened by the re-election of Governors Rockefeller, Romney and Chafee, by the election of Winthrop Rockefeller in Arkansas, Raymond P. Shafer in Pennsylvania and Spiro T. Agnew in Maryland and, most particularly, by the victories of Mark Hatfield, Charles Percy and Edward Brooke. Ronald Reagan's victory in California offsets, to some extent, these liberal-moderate gains, but the Republican convention of 1968 will not be a re-enactment of the Cow Palace *Putsch* of 1964. As things now stand, the Republican Party is in a position to make a strong bid for the Presidency in 1968. The "sleeper" issue in this campaign was, perhaps, the growing dislike and distrust of President Johnson; this could be a better issue in 1968 than it is today. The recent report of the Ripon Society, *From Disaster to Distinction,* provides an excellent blueprint for the further renovations that must now be undertaken. In essence the report argues that the Republicans must "leapfrog" the Democrats into the issues of the future; they must seize and hold "the issue initiative." To quote from the report: "They must leave behind the meaningless arguments of conservatism versus liberalism, public versus private, business versus labor, hard line versus soft line, and come to terms with the really new challenges." Under such headings as "Civil Rights," "Education," "Technological Change," "The Quality of the Environment," "The Revolution of the States and Cities" and "An Innovative Foreign Policy" the report spells out the nature of the new challenges. This is indeed the kind of strategy the Republicans should pursue in order to win in 1968.

The Escalation of Policy

Among the unpleasant facts that were only sketchily reported in the American accounts of President Johnson's trip to the Orient, the bamboo screens of Manila have particular significance. At certain points along the route from the airport to his hotel, he could have observed some of the most noisome slums in Asia, but the screens were emplaced to spare him this disagreeable sight. Once the President had left the Philippines, the screens were removed; needless to say, the slums remain. With a Philippine birth rate of about 3.5 per cent per year, the slums will get worse—there is no limit to squalor.

And there was scarcely a limit to the promises the President made to the rulers of the Asian and West Pacific countries he visited. These promises he evidently regarded as diplomatically necessary. The pomp and pageantry of such a journey are what the common people see and en-

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joy, but harsh realities underlie the spectacle. In countries like South Vietnam, the Philippines, Thailand, South Korea, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. The rich also get to worrying about how long they can keep their wealth atop such mountains of misery. They would like Uncle Sam to do something to reduce the glaring contrast between affluence and destitution in their countries. It would not only ease their consciences but add to their security. Uncle Sam would feel more secure, too; poverty is not only bad in itself, but it breeds communism. So Mr. Johnson spoke of the "New Asia" and his desire to bring the good life to the teeming Asian multitudes.

These promises will not be forgotten by the prospective beneficiaries. Because the President's speeches were written for immediate effect at the places of delivery (and in the United States), they were in many cases excessively eloquent, so that more can be read into the text than may have been intended. This grandiose outpouring of good will amounts to an escalation of policy on a scale greater than the military escalation in South Vietnam, and capable of getting us into even greater trouble.

In some ways the situation resembles that of the United States vis-à-vis Western Europe after World War II. The war had relieved us of depression and added vastly to our wealth, while parts of Europe lay in ruins. The Marshall Plan, coupled with the Atlantic Alliance, was our response. It worked. But the differences between Europe in the 1940s and Asia in the '60s are immense. Europe had an industrially educated population, and considerable productive machinery survived the war. Around the fringe of Red China—our Asian bogy in a role similar to that of the Soviet Union twenty years ago—we are committed to the uplift of countries which industrially have as yet hardly entered the 19th century. Our role as the major Atlantic power has cost us something like $100 billion. The chain of buffer states which we are forging around Red China might cost us ten times that amount.

Whether this is good or bad, or even possible, one thing certain is that the American citizen is entirely unprepared for global commitments on the scale Mr. Johnson dangles before the Asians. The contours of the new policy were tossed out in offhand, evangelical fashion, adulterated by the obsession with communism as the menace to our security and with Red China as the power which manifest destiny calls on us to contain at any cost. Unless all policy is to be left in the hands of Lyndon B. Johnson and a small, tight circle of advisers, here, surely, is something for the 90th Congress to ponder and debate.

The Johnson Touch

The President's castigation of Richard Nixon at his November 4 press conference was petulant and spiteful. His reference to Nixon as a "chronic campaigner" was apt enough, but then, with a childishly aggrieved air, he went on to say that "we shouldn't have men killed because we [meaning Nixon] try to fuzz up something" and to admonish Nixon that "he doesn't serve his country well by trying to leave that kind of impression in the hope that he can pick up a precinct or two or a ward or two." Mr. Johnson himself has never been above picking up wards

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and precincts, using whatever arguments came to hand; and in fuzzing up the Vietnamese War for the American people he has no superior and few peers. Some 4,000 Americans will have lost their lives by the end of the year because Johnson chose to escalate the war, instead of trying to end it, as he gave the voters in 1964 the impression he would do.

With Nixon eagerly following up his advantage, Secretary McNamara was summoned to the LBJ Ranch. Though his appearance may have been planned before the Johnson-Nixon exchange, it had the earmarks of a pre-election snow job. McNamara's tranquilizing discourse may have neutralized Nixon's persuasion of some voters, but if the President thought he might thus entice the doves he must regard them as birdbrains in fact as well as in fancy.

In the face of his own admission that the Vietcong and North Vietnamese soldiers "are fighting stubbornly and from all indications will continue to fight stubbornly," McNamara promised a halving of draft calls next year, a lower rate of troop deployment, and no sharp increase in the present level of 25,000 bombing sorties a month. About the only bad news (barring unforeseen emergencies) was for the munitions manufacturers: with approximately 160,000 tons of air ordnance on the ground in Southeast Asia, and an additional 140,000 tons in transit, it might be possible to effect cutbacks. Though carefully qualified, McNamara's forecasts were calculated to reduce the level of anxiety of potential draftees and reservists subject to call-up; to some extent, also, parents and sweethearts might gain hope for the safe return of young men already fighting in Vietnam. Yet even as McNamara spoke, some of the heaviest fighting of the war was in progress. "All of a sudden the sky fell in," a West Point major told newsmen. "For eight hours it was nothing but solid lead." And that was only 40 miles from Saigon. And then, of course, on the day after the election the Pentagon conceded that the number of U.S. troops in South Vietnam might swell to 500,000 by the end of 1967.

Mr. Johnson overreached himself in his gratuitous denunciation of Nixon, in his stage management of the McNamara show, and in the pre-election announcement of his surgical operations which, from a medical standpoint, should have precluded his sweep through Asia and the Pacific. Skill in politics calls for a sense of proportion. Mr. Johnson seems to have lost his balance.

China and the Bomb

When a 20-kiloton bomb was first exploded in anger to end World War II, the world was appalled. The fires of hell had been unloosed. When, a few years later, the hydrogen bomb made its debut and explosive powers 50, 500, more than 2,000 times that of the primordial bomb became available, the Hiroshima bomb began to seem puny. Viewed factually, it was just as horrible as it had been in 1945. That the Chinese bombs so far tested are of Hiroshima magnitude or only a few times larger is no reason for taking them lightly. American reaction to nuclear explosives in the hands of unfriendly nations tends to oscillate between minimizing their importance and exaggerating their menace. Neither makes sense.

The Chinese have taken a long stride forward in nuclear technology, and the political importance of their achievement can hardly be overestimated. They have separated U-235 from U-238 to make an explosive mixture enriched to above 90 per cent U-235 content, a process no one thought they could put into operation in such a short time. A plutonium bomb would have been a considerable achievement in itself, but second rate in the nuclear scale of prowess. The Chinese wanted the best and they got it. Moreover, they have now been able to make a Hiroshima-yield bomb compact enough to be delivered by a rocket with a range of some 400 miles. They are probably ahead of France at this stage, certainly not behind.

The peril to the United States is not serious. The Chinese have submarines and some may be capable of firing nuclear warheads. It would, however, be extremely difficult for a Chinese submarine to approach within range of U.S. coastal cities without detection. The U.S. Navy has spent billions of dollars on anti-submarine warfare during the past decade. This effort was mounted against Soviet submarines, but it is equally effective against the Chinese. Aircraft operating from the decks of attack carriers can locate and, if necessary, use depth charges against intruders. Such carriers constantly patrol both the East and West coasts.

Still, at the present rate of progress, the Chinese could have nuclear weapons capable of retaliation against an American assault in a few years. They might not be able to attack the U.S. mainland, but American bases off the Asian mainland could be wiped out, and the security of U.S. allies, such as Chiang Kai-shek's forces on Taiwan, would be in jeopardy. Thus the balance of power in the Pacific is changing. It will not be an American lake much longer, at least not beyond Hawaii.

The Chinese have proceeded with their nuclear development at what, for them, is profligate expense, for reasons which seem to them sound. They are not content to allow other major powers to hold a monopoly of nuclear power. There is no hope of bringing Red China into the United Nations and of changing its mood quickly into one of sweet reasonableness. In the long run, however, the Chinese will be as amenable to reason as we are—no more, no less. They have pledged "at no time and in no circumstances" to be the first to use nuclear weapons. They are well aware of our superiority in this field. For our part, we could well afford to concede their right to possess nuclear weapons and to refrain from threatening them because they have exercised that right. Such a move would reduce international tensions and the danger that some unforeseen incident might trigger a third world war; but because it would be a wise and statesmanlike move, the Johnson Administration is unlikely to make it.

Walter Packard

A great and good man, Walter Packard was one of California's most admirable public servants, a world citizen whose claims to distinction he was notably successful in minimizing. Of his goodness there could never be any question; throughout a long lifetime (he was 82 when he died October 31 in Berkeley) he radiated an essential kindliness, a warmth and generosity of spirit and a con-

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stant concern for the happiness and well-being of others. But it is not easy to suggest wherein his greatness consisted. The familiar labels—"agricultural economist," "social planner," "reclamation and development expert"—are painfully inadequate, although he had achieved great distinction in these fields. Perhaps the best way to suggest the special quality of his eminence would be to say that he was a committed democrat, a man who understood and practiced in all relationships, and taught others to understand and practice, the principles of democratic living. With him, democracy was both means and end, a mode of living as well as a social philosophy.

Wherever his work took him—to Mexico, to Venezuela, to Puerto Rico, to Greece—people responded to his inspired personal leadership. In Greece, where he taught the villagers of Anthele how to grow rice on what they had long regarded as a sterile plain, they called him "Papou" ("grandfather") and, much to his embarrassment, erected a marble statue in his honor. The areas in which he worked were invariably the richer for his having been there. When he went to Greece, the country was importing $5 million worth of rice a year; when he left it was exporting that much or more. At his death he was carrying on, with typical energy, cheerfulness and infectious good will, a campaign to induce the residents of Berkeley to set up a city-owned power system. He had recently completed a book, *The Consumer-Labor Approach to Social Organization,* which embodied his deeply felt commitment to the principles of social and economic democracy. But wise and illuminating as the book will be, it will not do justice to the quality of his insight into the theory and practice of democracy. Why is it that public servants of his breed seldom win reputations commensurate with their achievements? Part of the explanation, no doubt, is that men of his kind usually have, as he had, a passion for anonymity; but it could also be because their true greatness consists not in the artifacts they leave behind them but in what they have inspired others to do for themselves.

The Opportunity

"World enlightenment will speed the day when the burdens of armaments and the fear of others will be removed from the backs and hearts of men." It was not some starry-eyed visionary who made this prediction, but Dwight D. Eisenhower, in 1962. But how? General Eisenhower proposed an international school for world understanding, staffed by a community of scholars "whose concern would be objective truth purged of national and regional bias, hatred and prejudices." A practical application, in short, of H. G. Wells's reminder that civilization is in a race between education and catastrophe.

General Eisenhower has not pursued the idea of an international university in recent years, but Dr. E. U. Condon, who needs no introduction to readers of *The Nation*—nor to any other group of educated persons—has not allowed the proposal to die. He revived it in the March, 1964, issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* and commented on it early this month in connection with the twentieth anniversary of UNESCO in Paris. One of the official U.S. delegates named by President Johnson was Joseph R. Smiley, president of the University of Colorado, where Dr. Condon is currently professor of physics.

The world's annual expenditure on war preparations is now estimated at $140 billion a year—and rising. Dr. Condon proposes that the nations of the world agree to pay to the UN a tax of 1 per cent of their armament expenditures, thus providing a sum well in excess of $1 billion a year for promoting international good will along the lines proposed by President Eisenhower. Another way of looking at the financial problem is to compare $1 billion with the current cost of our war in Vietnam—about $2 billion per month. We hardly notice this drain on the national treasury, yet if the war were ended and the saving for only one year were diverted to the uses of peace, the international university could be maintained for twenty years or longer.

Suppose, says Dr. Condon, we budget $6,000 per student-year—a lavish figure. With about half of $1.2 billion we could provide total costs for 100,000 students. Assuming a four-year course, we could have an annual output of 25,000 men and women a year. These young people would be specially trained "for working on the front of promoting international good will and development of the underdeveloped parts of the world." To house and teach them in the industrialized countries would require expanded facilities in existing institutions of learning. In the underdeveloped countries, Dr. Condon proposes to use the remaining $600 million available annually to build a world-wide chain of United Nations universities. The capital investment required for the plant and facilities of a major university, offering graduate and undergraduate training in the liberal arts, the fine arts, medicine, agriculture and engineering, is about $100 million. By spreading construction over four years, about twenty-four such institutions could be built. Their capacity would be 240,000 students. Not all of these would complete their education with a one-world outlook, but inevitably many of them would be persuaded in that direction, and would in turn influence their countrymen. The odds against catastrophe would be appreciably lengthened. (Dr. Condon is not alone in attempting to give substance and meaning to the Eisenhower proposal; it is endorsed in principle in the recent report of the Ripon Society, *From Disaster to Distinction,* p. 111.)

Another proposal by Dr. Condon involves overseas military properties of the United States. We have been assuring the world that we are prepared to move out of South Vietnam as soon as the fighting stops. If this evacuation ever comes to pass, what will be done with the bases we have built at a cost ranging far up in the billions? A large part of these installations would be usable as dormitories, classrooms and laboratories. Dr. Condon cites our naval base at Guantanamo as a current example. At one time it was necessary for the defense of the Panama Canal, but even before World War II air power had made Guantanamo obsolete. Of course we insist on maintaining it as a thorn in Castro's side, but might it not be better politics to dedicate it as a great UN university, a significant contribution to the Alliance for Progress?

UNESCO will remain in session through the month of November. It would be a pity to let pass this opportunity for making a start on the international university project.

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OUT TO GET SNCC

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting the progress of the civil rights movement.

The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is fast becoming the Erich Von Stroheim of civil rights groups —the organization you love to hate. Rep. Wayne Hays (D., Ohio) spoke for many Americans when he told a cheering House: "Carmichael and his anarchistic group belong behind bars, and the quicker we get him there the better off this country is going to be."

A typical cartoon approach by Hy Rosen in the Albany (N.Y.) *Times-Union* showed SNCC chairman Stokely Carmichael riding one end of a two-headed hobby horse called Violence. Carmichael is shouting "Black Power" while George Lincoln Rockwell of the American Nazi Party cries "White Power" from the other end.

Recent events in two cities—Philadelphia, Pa., and Atlanta, Ga.—warn that SNCC has become the target of opportunity for attack that claims to be motivated by patriotism and fear of racial strife. More often it satisfies a growing Yahoo-ism over the Vietnamese War in a climate of repression created by the reactionary racial mood of many whites and its cautionary (scared) counterpart in some Negroes.

The danger to SNCC is immediate; the threat to other liberal establishments and concepts lurks just behind the patterns of attack in the two cities and reactions to them. First, the Philadelphia story.

Carmichael carried his message of black power there in July, seeking to mobilize the generally moribund Negro ghetto consciousness into meaningful activity not controlled by hack, black politicians. Democratic Mayor James Tate was aghast. He seriously suggested that Carmichael should be banned from speaking in Northern cities.

Philadelphia, a city of 2 million, is already 35 per cent Negro and, like most cities, growing blacker. Sullen seas of interlocking slums stretch over it, with here and there shining little islands of renewal. Renewal is most noticeable downtown, say around Independence Hall, where any morning one of the city's numerous drowsing tramps may waken to find himself in the middle of a new mall.

In the black ghettos, infant mortality is twice that of white sections. Negro unemployment—though not nearly so bad as elsewhere—is double the white. Fifty per cent of Negro high school pupils attend four of the city's twenty high schools. Philadelphia's overall dropout rate is the worst of the eighteen largest American cities; in some black high schools it reaches 80 per cent.

Housing is the dreariest fact of life for the poor, black and white. Between 1948 and 1963, 27,000 dwellings were torn down for urban renewal, but only a few thousand public housing units have been built as replacements. The city began one redevelopment plan called Eastwick which would have placed public housing in a bog between the airport and an oil refinery.

"Eastwick was conceived in sin," wrote *The Greater Philadelphia Magazine for Executives.* "It was believed that the project not only would siphon off the black overflow but would be a low visibility cul-de-sac into which the burgeoning Negro population could be stuffed."

Public outcry scotched Eastwick. In 1964, the License Department, unable to ignore slum horrors any longer, began stringent inspections. Many landlords chose to abandon rather than rehabilitate, and a survey turned up 14,000 abandoned units. Add these to living quarters demolished for projects never constructed, and a picture emerges of the poor being packed tighter into slums costing more as supply shortened. As always, the black ghettos were the worst and oldest. Intolerable pressures have been building in them, blowing off once in the riots of 1964.

On Saturday, August 13, nearly everybody in Philadelphia read the *Bulletin* lead story with the headline:

> 80 Armed Police Raid
> Four SNCC Offices Here,
> Seize Dynamite, Arrest 4
>
> *1,000 More*
> *Deployed to*
> *Keep Order*

The story quoted Acting Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo as saying that the offices were "becoming storehouses of arms, ammunition and dynamite." Rizzo charged that an informant had tipped him about the dynamite "powerful enough to remove Independence Hall," bringing in as confirmation three sticks and blasting caps. The police officer identified all four persons arrested during the night as SNCC members.

Virtually everything in the headlines, the story and Rizzo's quotations was untrue or misleading. *One* of the four places raided was a SNCC office. *One* of the four persons arrested belonged to SNCC. Two and a half sticks of dynamite were allegedly found in a private apartment not connected with SNCC. No other arms were found, but police did confiscate placards from SNCC headquarters. These included a photograph of President Johnson holding his hands apart as though indicating a measure; beneath it someone had written: "Use a bomb about this size." Finally and most curiously, the informant had *not* gone to Rizzo but to an FBI agent, whose call had initiated the entire action. This was never revealed publicly.

The first account received nation-wide attention and the casual reader could only conclude that SNCC was involved in a wicked bomb plot. Over the weekend, surface facts clarified. Police raiders wearing bulletproof vests and some carrying machine guns had operated under a warrant requested by FBI agent Irving R. Dean. Dean swore that his informant had given him information "on approximately 200 occasions which has led to valid arrests." The super-successful informant, said Dean, had seen the dynamite in SNCC headquarters on August 12, and members of SNCC had told him it was being deployed "for the destruction of property in connection with civil disturbances in the near future."

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Raiders found nothing explosive in the SNCC headquarters on South 16th Street. But in the apartment of 26-year-old George Brower on North 16th Street, they announced finding two and a half sticks of dynamite ingeniously hidden—under a couch. Brower belonged to no civil rights group but his apartment was a gathering place for the Young Militants, a Philadelphia group that had been picketing segregated Girard College under the leadership of NAACP leader Cecil Moore, an attorney. The people at SNCC disliked Moore; they suspected him of wanting to become the only symbol of black militancy in the city.

In the apartment, police arrested Brower, another youth and a girl. Outside, they grabbed 23-year-old SNCC field secretary, Barry Dawson. By next morning, Attorney Moore had been named counsel for all four defendants, despite SNCC efforts, later successful, to get another lawyer for Dawson. And Dawson soon was talking to police under circumstances which, given the Miranda decision, were inexplicable. Here is part of the official transcript of Dawson's questioning by William Wolf, Jr., of the Philadelphia D.A.'s office.

Q: Mr. Moore just told us he had to go out for about an hour, do you wish to make a statement even though he is not here?

A: Yes.

Q: Did he advise you to make a statement in his absence?

A: Yes.

Without counsel to advise, Dawson rattled away. Here are the salient portions: On August 3, a friend named Winston Ealy, who had picketed with Mr. Moore's Young Militants, showed Dawson a paper bag containing about nine sticks of dynamite and two blasting caps. If Dawson was curious about where Ealy got the dynamite or why, the statement doesn't say. There is throughout a certain cavalier attitude toward dynamite:

Dawson: I asked him what he was going to do with it, and he said that he was going to take it over to George's (George Brower's) house. So I said, Don't do that, you'll get in trouble. Give it to me and I'll throw it in the river.

Supposedly en route to the Schuylkill River, Dawson stopped at the SNCC office and told fellow member George Anderson what he was carrying. Dawson says there was a policeman outside (the SNCC office was under intermittent surveillance and—SNCC believes—continuous wire tap) so he decided to leave the dynamite there. He hid it in the basement where it stayed eight days. Fred Meely, Philadelphia SNCC director, learned about the dynamite, according to Dawson, and urged him to get rid of it. To complicate matters, on the night of August 10, Dawson was attacked by a carload of white men he believed to be police who had been following him earlier. They beat and kicked him unconscious, and he received hospital treatment.

Finally on Thursday, August 11, Dawson says that he, Meely and SNCC staffer Morris Ruffin carried off the sticks:

Dawson: Each of us had a bag, plus the fact that Fred had two blasting caps. My bag had two and a half pieces and I don't know how the other bags were shared. We planned to throw the bags into the Schuylkill River.

Dawson says he thought he was tailed from the office, so instead of going to the river he dropped his bag of dynamite over a fence near Brower's apartment. Interrogator Wolf, without a lawyer to intercede, then asked Dawson how the dynamite he had dropped by the fence on Thursday wound up under the couch in Brower's apartment during the Saturday raid. Of course, there was no

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proof that this *was* the same bag of dynamite. With so much of it flying around, even in the hands of FBI informants, it was a presumptive question. Dawson said he didn't know.

Police arrested Winston Ealy and he said that a 45-year-old construction worker named John Jenkins had given him the dynamite. Jenkins, a blaster, admitted that he had been stealing dynamite off and on for years. Later, he led police to a private mine field of sorts where he used to bury the sticks and caps. Jenkins told police that he had given a batch to Ealy because he was afraid of children playing with it. Then he got drunk and lost track of the stuff.

It seemed a sloppy conspiracy, but Mayor Tate returned from vacation to congratulate everyone on a fine job. Police had already released three of the first four so-called "SNCC" members arrested—Brower and the couple in his apartment—but Dawson, Jenkins and Ealy were held on various dynamite and conspiracy charges (possession of dynamite, without intent to use it illegally, is no crime in Pennsylvania). Fugitive warrants were issued for SNCC's Meely, Ruffin and Anderson who had dropped from sight.

Recapitulating, police were saying that a non-SNCC man named Jenkins gave stolen dynamite to a non-SNCC youth named Ealy who gave it to SNCC member Dawson. Dawson, furthering a conspiracy, enlisted SNCC-ers Meely and Ruffin to carry it from their headquarters to sites unspecified. Police raiders in a non-SNCC apartment searched unsuccessfully in two small rooms for ten minutes before a Negro officer suddenly found the dynamite under the couch. Net cache uncovered—two and a half sticks of du Pont de Nemours' best.

Some skepticism developed in the city and by August 15 the *Bulletin* was editorializing that "some observers may see a disproportion between the results of the raids and the overwhelming forces mobilized to effect them." But it then discoursed on "wild rumors" and "ill-informed people easily converted into a destructive mob," and concluded with Alexander Hamilton's remarks on the 1794 Whiskey Rebellion: "Beware of magnifying a riot into an insurrection by employing in the first instance inadequate force. 'Tis better far to err on the other side."

'Tis best of all for a newspaper to correct itself when it errs, but the *Bulletin* never cleared up its initial, erroneous tale. By August 16, with plot developments buried inside, the front page carried a sad little story that 300 Youth Corps applicants in Philadelphia had been told that theirs was the first poverty program in the country to be suspended because funds were diverted to the Vietnamese War. There was a brief plot flurry next day when police dug under an old doghouse in the yard of Jenkins' girl friend and found nine blasting caps. Serial numbers on two of these caps, it was claimed, matched numbers on the dynamite sticks turned in by the FBI informant. But Acting Commissioner Rizzo had said that those sticks came with caps. Were they wearing somebody else's caps?

The judicial atmosphere was gamy at the hearing August 22, when Philadelphia officials produced an undated photograph, allegedly showing Ruffin and Dawson leaving SNCC headquarters with two small parcels the officials said contained dynamite. Since the photo was not taken with an X-ray camera, there was no way to verify this assertion. However, the photo was released to the press as showing dynamite in transit, in defiance of the Supreme Court ruling on safeguarding evidence.

Some people in and around SNCC concede privately that the dynamite probably got into the office in the manner Dawson described. They feel he was lured into a dangerous and atrocious error by persons who collaborated with police on a frame-up to destroy SNCC. "If they keep you on the defensive," said former Executive Secretary James Forman, "you can't do anything creative."

"All those people know how to handle dynamite," says Lieut. George Fencl in charge of community relations for the Philadelphia Police Department. "We can't say the field secretary said, 'we need dynamite, go get it,' but we know it got there from a man who had picketed with SNCC and NAACP [Jenkins]. It was found in Brower's apartment—and you should have seen the filth and the roaches when we searched. Maybe he wasn't what you'd call a card-carrying SNCC member, but Young Militants and SNCC hung out there. They're interchangeable."

But in the next breath Lieutenant Fencl says that if Dawson really had been beaten a few days before the raids, it wasn't by police but by members of the Young Militants who wanted to be paid for picketing Girard College. Police, he admits, never checked the hospital records on Dawson's beating.

Mayor Tate quietly let his actions speak louder than words as white feeling ran against the blacks. Two days after the hearing, he was scheduled to address a convention of the National Technical Association, an engineering society of Negro and other minority groups. An aide told the association in the morning that the Mayor had been summoned out of town "to a federal conference dealing with enormous sums of money."

An hour later, reporters found the Mayor playing golf at the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club. When rioters stormed the apartment of a Negro couple moving onto an all-white North Philadelphia slum street, Mayor Tate again did not choose to speak.

On August 30, 2,000 Negroes attended the largest black power meeting ever held in Philadelphia.

* * *

Atlanta bills itself as The City Too Busy To Hate. One of its many Negro ghettos has the lovely name Summerhill. There are 30,000 black people living in Summerhill under Southern slum conditions. Four or five times in the past, the city considered Summerhill for renewal but always by-passed it for projects it considered more urgent. The administration of Mayor Ivan Allen (who spoke for the 1964 Civil Rights Act and lately denounced Lester Maddox) is all white and, understandably, has an all-white conception of human priorities.

So today, looming two blocks from Summerhill, is a shining concrete $18 million sports stadium. The city went deeply in debt to build it, but the money should come back in gate receipts. Integrated baseball and football teams play there. You can stand on the porch of a shacklike Negro home lacking hot water and furnace, and watch the 4,000 spaces in the parking lot fill up. If you have a

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poetic turn, you may remember Sarah Cleghorn's lines:

The golf links lie so near the mill
that almost every day
the laboring children can look out
and see the men at play.

On September 6, an unarmed Atlanta Negro with a record for car theft was shot when he ran from police who were trying to arrest him. Within hours, Negroes in Summerhill were stoning police. Within a day, Atlanta was charging SNCC workers with insurrection. The press seized on the story with a glee that lent substance to SNCC's repetitious charge that the media cannot be trusted.

The New York Times, whose news columns are often a solitary light on the darkling plain of American journalism, editorialized:

> An artificially induced riot involving a few hundred susceptible Negroes shattered the calm of an Atlanta afternoon. . . . They had been whipped to a frenzy, reportedly by the so-called Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, espouser of the separatist and inflammatory slogan Black Power.

The *Times* did not say what the Negroes were susceptible to, or why a ghetto should be calm in an Atlanta afternoon or any other time, or how one determines the artificiality of a riot. A month before, the *Times* had published what it claimed was a SNCC position paper on black power, obtained clandestinely. It was a lucid statement of our racial realities, neither separatist nor inflammatory unless to urge blacks to unite for survival is to inflame. But in its own "rush to judgment" on Atlanta, the newspaper was accepting an old Southern theory that "darkies are contented until outsiders stir them up."

N.B.C. Radio listeners heard David Brinkley's observation that "Southern cities trying to help the Negroes have had race riots." Brinkley called SNCC (with 135 members) "one of the largest Negro organizations" and said Carmichael was a "classic demagogue."

Atlanta Constitution publisher Eugene Patterson had served on the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. He wrote:

> The Student Nonviolent Coordinating was born here. It was betrayed here by roughnecks who took it away from students and turned it away from nonviolence. It would be fitting if SNCC died here as a result of its naked incitement to riot this week in Atlanta.

Patterson had toured Vietnam and SNCC's anti-war stand offended his sense of patriotism. As a white liberal, he objected to the change of character in SNCC; civil rights, presumably, should forever be frozen, smiling into a Birmingham fire hose. Patterson had his own built-in Southern-liberal clock for colored progress and no hour on its face was marked NOW. Little of what any of these know-nothings or know-somethings said was addressed specifically to the question: What happened in Summerhill and why?

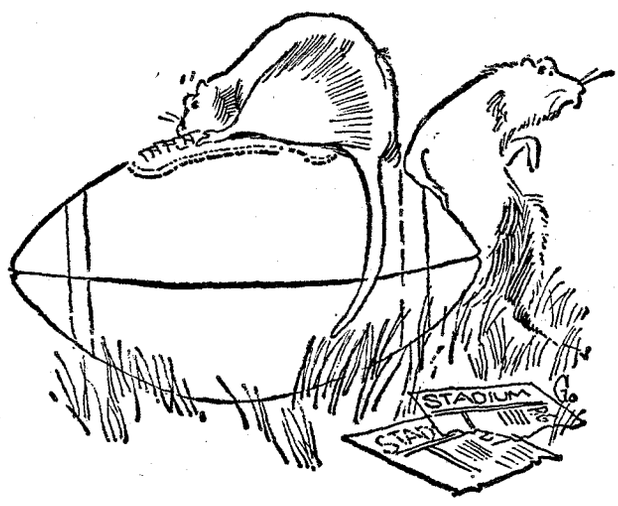
It is impossible to reconstruct precisely how a street disturbance begins. Summerhill is an area where slow fires of discontent have burned over the years, sending up faint signals like those blue ghosts of smoke that rise over Southern "Niggertowns" in early morning. Atlanta SNCC had made passing efforts to get the people there mobilized, but had centered its attention on a worse ghetto called Vine City. In neither place had it become a moving force (Atlanta Negro mobilization in general is dismal, with only 50 per cent of eligible voters registered despite public and private efforts).

"We brought in too much philosophy and not enough program," one SNCC veteran told me. "Talk, talk, talk. Some gets through subjectively but people need programs to rally around."

About 2:30 on Tuesday afternoon, September 6, Harold Prather, 24-year-old father of four, became a rallying point. Two white policemen with a warrant chased him near his home and one of them shot him twice. He crawled to the porch of his mother's house, lay there and was handcuffed.

"You ain't going to hurt him no more," his mother said to the policeman who shot Prather. "There used to be days in slavery times when they killed people like dogs, but this is another day. If you live and he lives, you'll pay for this."

People began gathering, their mood angry. Emmanuel



Hall, a Negro news announcer for Atlanta station WAOK, went with Carmichael to the scene where SNCC had been planning to organize a rally. "Local people had made picket signs against police brutality," Hall said. "Stokely moved around, asking what had happened, quietly. Then he made a short speech and said he was coming back at four."

Police claim Carmichael said he was returning to "tear this place up." Atlanta civil rights lawyer Howard Moore says he said ". . . to tear up your old ways." Hall isn't sure what was said. Carmichael frequently complains that he's misquoted, more often he is misinterpreted and sometimes he forgets what he says. Since no tape of his remarks at Summerhill exists, the semantic point remains in doubt. But the great emphasis placed by white opponents on the words of one black man among many seems an attempt to embody responsibility in a single individual for what was a mass reaction.

By four o'clock, two SNCC members trying to get a sound truck in operation were under arrest. Carmichael came back and a Negro policeman later testified he heard him exhorting: "Burn, baby, burn. . . . Stay on the streets." Carmichael denies it. A thousand officers were massing in the stadium parking lot and blacks faced them across years of enmity and distrust.

"One white police officer grabbed a colored boy around

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the neck," said 18-year-old Jerry Lowe. "The people started hitting the police officer with their hands and sticks until the policeman let that fellow go. He ran away. Somebody hit the white policeman in the face with a brick."

Young Doris Williams of Summerhill gave unwitting testimony to the image of SNCC in the neighborhood:

> The boys across the street were urging other neighborhood boys to throw bricks at white folk's cars. It wasn't any SNCC-looking boys. . . . I've never seen any SNCC people but I've heard the boys have lots of hair, that the girls wear pants, wear their hair natural and look like boys. I saw a lady and a boy who looked like they might be SNCC folks talking so loud everyone could hear, but they didn't say anything about hurting the mayor or anyone else.

While police made wholesale arrests, seventy-two in all, and Carmichael departed, Mayor Allen arrived on the stormy scene. Editor Ralph McGill, abetting the deification of Allen, described him in his *Constitution* column: "Impeccable, bareheaded, distinguished looking, he walked literally into the midst of fighting groups where angry and embittered men were embroiled."

Allen tried to calm the crowd from the top of a car but was knocked off. Bricks and bottles flew, police fired warning shots from the hip. Allen angrily gave the order for tear gas and included houses in his order. The gas broke the crowd; it also sent women and children crying from houses where it had been tossed indiscriminately. As a riot, it was not much—no burning or looting—although any riotous incident does carry incalculable potential for violence.

Carmichael and other SNCC members were arrested over the next two days and some initially faced insurrection charges, which carry a possible death penalty and are not bondable. After the word "insurrection" served its purpose by making national headlines, the charges were reduced to disorderly conduct and inciting to riot. The American public was saturated with a version of Atlanta reality epitomized by a *Time* story which began: "Atlanta, which deservedly prides itself on a tradition of racial moderation," and described Mayor Allen as being "as protective of Negro rights as he is of Atlanta's reputation."

But the cynical black Atlantan could ask, what was he protecting that day in Summerhill, rights or reputation? Do Southern blacks under the First Amendment have the right to gather angrily to hear their grievances articulated in a time of stress? Or shall an administration which has no Negro department heads in a city 40 per cent black and no visible Negro desk help in City Hall decide the time and tone of protest?

The Council on Human Relations of Greater Atlanta, a humanistic but nonradical group, said:

> As much as we deplore violence in any circumstances, the Council . . . does *not* accept the explanation that SNCC members were directly responsible for Tuesday's rioting. SNCC members are not responsible for the conditions under which Atlanta citizens live in the Summerhill and Mechanicsville area.

Atlanta achieved its moderate reputation by opening registration years earlier, by taking the lead in desegregating public accommodations, by City Hall appeals for racial reason and a façade of equal opportunity. Its poverty program has been one of the best in the country, which is to say that the poor in it have stayed off welfare and on a poverty level.

But Atlanta's image had no relevance to the black poor. Mayor Allen is proud of Atlanta Stadium, but SNCC viewed it as an infinitely worse crime than car theft. It demanded black control over black people, which would mean the end of white control over everything.

"Allen is a vicious racist," charged Attorney Moore. "Negroes get nothing for their vote. But Allen can send a black politician's kid to a nice school by seeing he gets a liquor license. Naturally when SNCC tries to organize people to take charge of themselves, whites are against it. The feeling comes all the way from Washington. Why do you suppose now, for the first time, SNCC's taxes are being investigated?"

At City Hall, the mayor's affable assistant, Dan Sweatt, calls what happened in Summerhill "trouble" rather than riot, and he says Allen is planning a housing campaign to end Atlanta's slums forever.

"The Mayor's handling of Summerhill set a new standard for U.S. mayors," he said. "He had the guts to call a spade a spade, not blame the trouble on economics or any sociological business. It was the first time anybody called Stokely's hand and it provoked a lot of thought. I think it will help kill black power and SNCC."

To kill SNCC and black power is a prevalent white wish. Says SNCC's former executive secretary, James Forman:

> The Administration wants to get us. Basically because we are the one black group both articulating opposition to Vietnam and taking action. Johnson has this need for consensus. But our job is not to psychoanalyze him and make him feel loved. All the harassment does is to make the issues clearer and to make the black man see just what he's up against.

When Carmichael says things like "I want chaos so bad I can taste it," he perhaps convinces himself that he is speaking metaphorically, but the white opposition relishes his words as proof not only that he isn't lovable but that he may be lethal. Carmichael may just be indulging himself when he flourishes contempt for whites, or it may be that he is indicted for misdemeanors while he dreams felonies. SNCC as an organization does not invariably handle truth or statute law with any more respect than, say, leaders of the Democratic or Republican Parties. But in a society with a history of horrendous mistakes, SNCC and Carmichael should be allowed some of their own, subject to criticism but free from persecution, as they struggle for black self-realizations that must not be deferred or compromised.

It seems clear that if the phrase black power had never been invented and Stokely Carmichael had never been born, the currently insecure American mood would have found something else black to try to crush. The essence of the backlash says that Negroes must subscribe to the dominant white version of what their reality should be or otherwise must suffer as bad "niggers" have always suffered.

So the stage is set for our peculiar tragedy. Denounce the bomb plot and insurrection. Praise the informer and riot police. Hiss the villain Stokely. Cheer the hero Ivan Allen. Audiences arise at the first note of the National Anthem. Whistles and applause.

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HISPANIOLA '66

Haiti: Chaotic and Corrupt

GERARD R. LATORTUE

Mr. Latortue is a former professor of economics at the Law School of the State University of Haiti. He is co-author of Politics and Economics in the Caribbean *(University of Puerto Rico Press).*

> Latin America is in deep need of reforms. Not just a new tax structure or an improved federal agency, not just putting the outs in and the ins out, is required. To toss out one oligarchy in favor of another will solve nothing, even if the new oligarchy is modern and progressive and willing to make less profits on its investments and ready to delegate some of its power to technicians. What is needed is *a total rejuvenation, a change in attitude, habits, interests, and alliances, a change in philosophy and a change in practices. (Italics added.)*

This opinion, expressed by John Gerassi in *The Great Fear in Latin America,* is true for almost all the countries of the area. In the case of Haiti, however, the need for basic change is desperate. The situation there has almost reached the point where the Haitian masses will no longer be able to satisfy the voracity of the so-called "elites" (blacks as well as mulattoes) that have been exploiting the country since Independence Day in January, 1804. If something is not done now to curb the arrogance of the ruling classes and support those who favor change in "Feudal Haiti," the country will explode in a scene of terrible violence. The longer that eruption is postponed, the greater it will be.

Dr. François Duvalier exploited the great desire for change during the 1957 campaign, but as President he has taken no positive steps toward long-term social and economic improvement in Haiti. His demagogy only hides his regime's incapacity to find other than superficial solutions. In many respects the situation in Haiti is worse today than it has ever been.

That being the case, one wonders how long the United States can remain indifferent to a potential crisis so near its shores: one looks to Washington for signs of a policy toward Haiti. Relations between the two countries have been strained in the past, particularly so in the years from 1914 to 1934 when United States Marines occupied Haiti. In recent times, however, a better feeling has developed and most Haitians still remember President Roosevelt, who brought the occupation to an end; and President Truman, whose Point IV program conferred great technical and financial assistance on Haiti.

During the Kennedy administration, American officials at the embassy in Port-au-Prince established excellent contacts with the different social groups in Haiti. Nevertheless, most American officials still see Haiti as a small "black republic," not very important in terms of global foreign policy. This attitude changes only when Haiti's geographical position becomes strategically important—as in 1914, when German investments in Haiti led to the arrival of the Marines, and in 1962, when Castro's espousal of communism in Cuba brought increased financial aid to Port-au-Prince.

In addition, the United States has from time to time tried to establish military bases in Haiti, principally at Môle St. Nicholas in the northwest, which offers control of the Windward Passage. Haitian nationalists have always shown strong opposition to such bases, but Duvalier, who calls himself a great "Dessalinist," in reference to the vigorous spirit of independence expressed by the nation's founder, has offered them to the United States. More than that, he at one time asked Trujillo's air force to patrol the air

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space and seas of Haiti, and in April of 1965, after U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, suggested that American or inter-American forces be sent to Haiti to prevent communism.

Immediately after his election, Duvalier expressed publicly his willingness to cooperate with the United States and his hope that the United States would adopt toward Haiti the same solicitude it was showing toward Puerto Rico, a U.S. Commonwealth. For a time, President Eisenhower and later President Kennedy responded to Duvalier's advances. Mr. Leslie Manigat describes the relationship in *Haiti in the 60's*:

> In a kind of uneasy game, with unkept promises and unrealized hopes on both sides, relations between the Duvalier government and the United States Mission had their ups and downs. The initially cold attitude of the Embassy [American Embassy in Port-au-Prince] was tempered, in 1959-61, to encompass open political support and the hope that Duvalier would be amenable to American guidance towards democratization and administrative rationalization.

That open political support was accompanied by increasing United States aid. In 1957, Haiti received $3.1 million; in 1958, $4 million; in 1959, $12.7 million and in 1961, $15 million. At the same time, a United States military mission, headed by Col. Robert Debs Heinl, Jr., was giving military training to those who were to become known to all Haitians as the Tontons Macoutes.

By late 1961, however, the United States had become most reluctant to continue its support of Duvalier's regime. Many reasons have been given for that change of attitude. Mr. Manigat offers five reasons for the new stand:

¶ The removal of Clément Barbot, secret police chief, who, as acting President during Duvalier's heart attack, had become friendly with the American ambassador.

¶ The dislodging of certain public servants and politicians known to have excellent relations with the U.S. agencies in Port-au-Prince.

¶ The temerity with which, at the Inter-American Conference of the Finance Ministers in Punta del Este, Haiti tried to bargain by withholding to the last moment its deciding vote for adoption of the American position and displaying its preference for nonalignment.

¶ The refusal of the Haitian Government to satisfy Alliance for Progress requirements for representative democracy and development planning.

¶ The surprising election *coup d'état* of May, 1961.

To that skillful analysis one might add that President Kennedy (like many groups in Haiti) believed at first that Duvalier would make the economic, political and social changes that Haiti so badly needed. When he found out that Duvalier had only a "Fascist answer" to Haiti's problems, he abruptly stopped helping. That decision was in line with Kennedy's general policy toward Latin America, which was to support no dictatorship, Right or Left. This principle was applied consistently, and Latin American liberals generally agreed with Kennedy's decision to sever diplomatic ties and suspend economic aid after Duvalier's *coup d'état* of May, 1963, after the Juan Bosch overthrow in September, 1963, and after the military coup in Honduras of October, 1963.

That rational attitude toward Latin America has not been followed by President Johnson. He has reopened diplomatic relations with Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Honduras. He has also resumed economic aid to the two latter countries. Furthermore, the appointment of Thomas Mann as chief adviser to President Johnson for Latin American affairs chilled the hopes of most Latin liberals that the United States would continue Kennedy's policy of accepting changes in Latin America.

Mr. Mann has since resigned, but the new doctrine he developed has been fully accepted by President Johnson, although from time to time he solemnly declares that he wants justice and freedom for Latin America. It has only one preoccupation: to prevent another Cuba in Latin America. The result is that the Johnson Administration will be readily satisfied with any government that outlaws communism by official decree. If, in addition, that government supports U.S. foreign policy in the international bodies, and "protects" American interests at home, it will enjoy the good will of Washington, whatever its domestic policies.

It is time that public opinion in the United States recognized that outlawing communism is not a solution; it only creates a greater fanaticism among the extremists. Moreover, whereas in many countries the Communist Party was once the only organization openly promoting the welfare of the masses, today the "democratic Left," initiated by José Figueres (Costa Rica), Rómulo Betancourt (Venezuela) and Muñoz Marín (Puerto Rico) proclaims social and economic justice. President Eduardo Frei of Chile led his party to victory on a similar platform. But such an approach to Latin American problems does not appeal to minds so sensitized to communism that they view with suspicion all appeals to social justice.

Meanwhile, Duvalier plays the game according to the

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current rules. He declares himself pro-Western and pretends to get along well with the "leader of the free world"; most of the time he votes with the United States at international meetings. He offers no threat to American investment in Haiti and keeps the Communist movement in check. That seems enough to elicit sunny smiles from the Johnson Administration.

Earlier this year, some sectors of the American press were attempting to "improve" the image of the Duvalier regime. Several newspapers and magazines suggested that any change of government in Haiti might now be worse for the country. The Washington (D.C.) *Evening Star* devoted three articles (June 15, 16 and 17) by Jeremiah O'Leary to the subject. In the third article, cabled from Port-au-Prince and entitled "Duvalier Held Lesser Evil," Mr. O'Leary wrote:

> The decision [to resume aid to Haiti] was reached by Washington policy makers on the basis of political reality and genuine concern for the incredibly poor Haitian people. . . . "Papa Doc," a cruel throwback to earlier Haitian tyrants, represents stability in that he and his Tonton Macoute organization are the absolute rulers of Haiti. So long as they are in charge, it is reasoned, there will be no need for American troops to wade in and restore order or prevent a communist takeover.

Mr. O'Leary concludes: "Thus Duvalier, as bad as he may appear, seems a better alternative to a power struggle and possible blood bath."

It has been said in other reports as well that the United States wants to avoid "chaos" in Haiti. But Duvalier is himself chaos—in public administration, university, secondary and primary schools, courts, House of Representatives, unions, Chamber of Commerce. In fact chaos prevails today in all sectors of the political, social and economic life of Haiti. And what is worse, it is aggravated by a corruption that exceeds anything known in the past because it has now spread to all levels and sectors of the nation. If the United States really wants to help the people, strict controls must be placed on any aid to Haiti; otherwise Duvalier and his greedy clique will steal in the future as they have stolen in the past.

Another excuse sometimes given by American officials and some newsmen to justify American indifference toward those who are fighting against Duvalier is the lack of leadership among Haitian exiles. There may be some truth to this, but officials in the United States also have a concept of leadership that may not apply in the case of Haiti. They are always looking for "a big name"—someone who has been an ambassador, a general, Cabinet member or high-ranking civil servant—and most of these former bigwigs still live in the past and have identified themselves with the privileged groups in Haiti. When they had power themselves, they used it for their own benefit, and that of their relatives and friends. They are part of what has been wrong with Haiti.

President Johnson gives the impression today of wishing that the problem of Haiti would go away. He has been widely criticized for his actions in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, and would like to avoid any new foreign policy commitments, particularly between now and 1968. But Haiti under Duvalier is not a problem that will disappear, and that may be why most Haitian patriots (abroad as well as on the island) hope that one day such American liberals as Sen. Robert Kennedy and Gov. George Romney will have a stronger voice in framing the foreign policy of the United States.

Dominican Republic: Burden of the Past

KAL WAGENHEIM

Mr. Wagenheim is editor of the monthly San Juan Review. *He has lived in Puerto Rico and covered Caribbean affairs for the past six years.*

About a year and a half after the bitter civil war there is today a mood of guarded optimism in the Dominican Republic; that troubled country is engaged in what one might call a period of "embryonic democracy." For more than thirty years Trujillo ruled tyrannically. After his death, President Joaquín Balaguer was dumped by a military coup and the country was run by an army-dominated civilian council. Juan Bosch won the 1962 Presidential elections by a landslide, but lasted only seven months, after which the military ruled once more through a civilian puppet regime until the revolt of April, 1965. Now, Balaguer is back in power, but his victorious Reform Party shares legislative responsibility with Bosch's Partido Revolucionario Democratico (PRD) which Bosch proudly calls "the first loyal, creative opposition in the Dominican Republic in years."

However, the mere existence of a legally elected President and a loyal opposition does not solve the problems of the Dominican Republic. The roots of its dark and tragic past still live and threaten to strangle what is as yet only a promise of social, economic and political progress.

One of the biggest threats is the army, heavily influenced by a clique of ruthless, corrupt officers who long for "the good old days" of Trujillo—or, even better, the days just after Trujillo's death when they ran the country and funneled into their own pockets huge amounts of government funds. To them, even the conservative, but reform-minded, Balaguer is not to be wholly trusted, and rumors of an impending *coup d'état* were dignified by Balaguer's denial of them in a Presidential address. For all that, the government is more secure than it would have been under Bosch, whose mildly socialistic ideas were considered "subversive and far leftist" by the Dominican military.

Balaguer has already felt compelled to make several concessions to hard-line military and police groups. Many police officials of the Trujillo era are back in their old posi-

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tions of influence. Two months ago, José Rafael Molina Ureña, secretary-general of Bosch's PRD, was touring the southern region of the country with a few party members. They were detained by members of the Dominican Air Force who brandished weapons, threatened them, and later put them through several hours of intensive questioning. When outraged PRD legislators protested the detention of their secretary-general and asked that the Dominican House of Representatives pass a motion to condemn the episode, the majority party refused to act. House Vice President Roque E. Bautista of the Reformistas said: "We deplore what has happened, but we should not act too rashly."

Pressuring Balaguer from the other side are the Dominican masses. Desperately poor under Trujillo, they have become still poorer from the disastrous effects of the civil war, and they are now impatient for a better life. Thus, Balaguer urgently needs cash to finance employment-creating projects; to build houses and roads; to provide more funds for education in a land crippled by illiteracy. He has thrown the country wide open for investment from abroad, but must be careful lest nationalists accuse him of selling away the Dominican patrimony. Even the United States is interested in protecting Balaguer from such accusations. It is said that he was on the verge of selling the government-owned airline to an American company, but that Washington exerted pressure to have the deal canceled.

Sugar is the key problem in the Dominican economy. "The gravest ill of our sugar industry," wrote an editorialist in the daily *Listín Diario* recently, "is that it is so important to us."

At President Balaguer's inauguration ceremony on July 1, Vice President Hubert Humphrey announced that the United States would do "all that is possible to aid in the economic recuperation" of the Dominican Republic. About a dozen U.S. aid projects, totaling nearly $50 million, are now being considered; if put into effect, they would make the Dominicans second only to Chileans with respect to U.S. aid per person.

Yet many Dominicans feel that the most effective aid of all, which would have cost the United States not a cent in capital outlay, has been ignored—or rejected. Washington's policy on sugar is causing murmurs of discontent in a nation still smarting from the humiliation of having foreign troops invade and occupy its soil.

Mexico and Brazil consume 74 and 78 per cent, respectively, of their sugar output, but the Dominican Republic uses only a tenth of the million tons it can produce annually. It is, accordingly, heavily dependent upon the sweet cane for foreign exchange; it represents 50 per cent of Dominican exports and 60 per cent of the nation's income. Also, the sugar industry employs more than 85,000 people, *half* of the organized labor force, including thousands who work for less than 20c an hour because there is nowhere else to work.

In recent years, as the world price of sugar has plummeted to an unprecedented low of about 1.5c a pound, it has become crucial for poor sugar-producing nations to be included in the quota allotments of major purchasers like the United States, who pay an artificially high price of nearly 7c per pound. And the major purchasers, in turn, have consistently used their quotas as levers of political influence.

The U.S. sugar quota assigned to the Dominican Republic in 1962 was 863,439 short tons. In 1963, the year of Juan Bosch's short-lived Presidency, the quota was reduced to 605,103 tons. In the next two years, while the Republic was first run by a military-dominated civilian body, and then embroiled in a bloody internal war, it hovered at 400,000 tons. The 1966 quota dropped below that level.

But at mid-year, with a new pro-U.S. and anti-Communist President in office, Dominicans felt confident that there would be a return to at least the 600,000-ton level of 1963. The extra 200,000-ton assignment would provide about $15 million annually in extra revenue—an enormous sum when one considers that the entire annual budget for the Dominican nation is about $150 million. Dominican hopes rose when it was learned several months ago that Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands would fall short of their U.S.-assigned quota by 415,000 tons, and that this amount would be redistributed among other nations. And hopes soared when a joint U.S. Congressional committee recommended that about half of that amount—200,000 tons—be assigned to the Dominican Republic "if political conditions permit."

But the Department of Agriculture, ignoring the committee's recommendation, assigned only 40,867 tons of the available 415,000 to the Dominican Republic. Thus, the Dominicans would have to dump about half of their sugar production on the world market at below-cost prices. They cannot understand why the United States, publicly committed to helping them, should ignore this obvious mode of economic aid. Rumors immediately began to sprout in Santo Domingo. The weekly magazine *¡Ahora!* alleged in a cover story that "the reduction of the Dominican sugar quota forms part of an elaborate long-range plan whose objective is to force, by the building up of economic difficulties, the sale of the state sugar mills to private interests."

Since then, Washington has raised the quota somewhat, but it is still not close to the 800,000-ton level of 1962, and recent events have given further grounds for suspecting that U.S. interests may be maneuvering to control a greater part of the Dominican sugar industry.

During his thirty-year reign, Trujillo put together an enormous network of personally owned industries; these were taken over by the state at his death. One of them was the Compañía Azucarera Dominicana (CAD) which, together with two privately owned mills, accounts for the entire national sugar cane production. (According to *¡Ahora!*, the United States has favored the two private companies by buying 80 per cent of their production and only 40 per cent of the CAD's.)

The CAD was in serious financial trouble. It was "padded" with thousands of extra employees who clung to it like barnacles to avoid becoming statistics among the nation's 40 per cent unemployed. It needed reorganization and additional financing to carry it through a difficult transition period, but President Balaguer announced recently that his government, which is itself being subsidized, was "in no position to subsidize the CAD." A few weeks ago, the Dominican legislature (despite strong protests by the minority party) voted to dissolve the CAD and create the State Sugar Council. This reorganization breaks up the massive government sugar industry into twelve autonomous

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mills, and the new law states that if any of them operates at a loss for two consecutive years it may be closed. *¡Ahora!* has suggested that such bankrupted companies could then pass into private American hands, whereupon the U.S. quota would be jacked up, allowing them to prosper.

Whether or not such a plan exists, the grounds for suspecting its existence certainly do, and no one in Washington has yet explained why the Department of Agriculture reduced the quota level recommended by the Congressional committee.

This would not be the only time that commercial interests were rumored to have tried to buy Dominican Government industries. In the May 23 *¡Ahora!* exiled Dominican Air Force General Rafael R. Rodríguez Echavarría (who led the coup which deposed Balaguer in late 1961) writes:

> Many people do not realize that a powerful grain consortium from the United States told Ramfis Trujillo [the dictator's son] that it would arrange for the lifting of U.S. economic sanctions against his government in exchange for Molinos Dominicanos [the government's grain mills] being delivered to the consortium, and that this operation was under way when the government of which I formed part . . . confiscated that industry. The consortium even offered the Trujillo family $2 for each sack of grain produced.

And rumors are current today that President Balaguer is being approached to sell other government-run industries and properties to private U.S. or Puerto Rican interests. "Balaguer has got to sell," one source said, "because his government is hard up for money and will do anything to get some development projects going."

While the United States may not be directly involved in pushing for the sale of the Dominican sugar, or other interests, such sales would definitely serve the goals of U.S. foreign policy. The Dominican Government industries form part of what Juan Bosch envisioned as the "infra-structure" of a mildly socialistic, Scandinavia-like republic. Despite many obstacles, Bosch's PRD drew more than half a million votes in the July 1 elections. It is not impossible that it could win the next election, in 1970, but if meanwhile the government industries had been sold off, Bosch would probably not feel strong enough to reconfiscate them, and his vision would remain a dream. Also, with key industries in North American hands, the Dominican Republic would be more than ever dependent upon the United States.

These, admittedly, are only assumptions, but they seem to fit a pattern of assumptions. Thus, it is difficult to believe that the United States, when it intervened in the civil war, really feared communism in the Dominican Republic; but one can make a forceful case for the theory that not even an *independent* Dominican Republic would be convenient to U.S. interests, and that this—not communism—was the real threat of the April, 1965, revolt. It may be quite true, as one Dominican said, that "we are just a chip in the big game of the cold war." With the cold war in such delicate balance, with each vote in the UN or OAS potentially decisive, a "maverick" (if non-Communist) Dominican Republic could be as awkward for the United States as Tito's nonconforming communism has been for the Soviet Union.

Juan Bosch, who has often said: "I am not a Communist, but I am not an 'anti-Communist' because too many people have made themselves rich by abusing that term for their own gain," seemingly aspired to become the de Gaulle of the Caribbean. Toward that end, he might have tried to reduce his import-export dependency upon the United States, by "shopping around" with his country's vote in the UN and OAS. Eduardo Sánchez Cabral, who was the Dominican ambassador to the OAS during Bosch's Presidency, alluded to such a neutralist technique recently when he said: "We must develop an Organization of *Free* American States: Uruguay, Costa Rica, Chile and Mexico —a balancing force."

A neutral or independent Dominican Republic would also have softened the effect of the U.S.-directed blockade of Cuba. Although Bosch and Castro have often traded insults, it is possible that—rather than dutifully join hands in the blockade—the Dominicans under Bosch might have simply ignored Castro or, like the Mexicans, maintained "correct" relations. This would have helped considerably to legitimize Castro's now "quarantined" government.

Dominicans who find this view of U.S. foreign policy persuasive, point to the fact that Trujillo—whose death they believe to have been brought about by CIA-supplied weapons—was not touched until his relations with the United States soured and he began a flirtation with the Communist nations.

President Balaguer is considered eminently "safe" in this matter of East-West balance. He boldly pronounced in his inaugural speech that he was "in favor of maintaining diplomatic relations with all the countries of America, without it mattering to us the nature of the institutions under which they live . . . and we are in favor of establishing strictly commercial relations with the Socialist nations." But when asked about Cuba, Balaguer replied, "Cuba is neither ideologically nor politically part of America." Haiti, one of the most brutal, backward dictatorships in history, apparently is "ideologically and politically part of America," for Balaguer announced recently his decision to renew diplomatic ties with Duvalier's regime.

Of course, Balaguer is not alone in his "see-no-evil" view of right-wing dictatorships. As Robert D. Crassweller notes in his new book, *Trujillo: The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator* (Macmillan):

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An influential body of opinion in the United States Congress—not a majority, but a vocal minority—came to the support of the Dominican Republic and its dictator in the last half of the 1950's whenever trouble threatened. . . . The Majority Leader of the House, Representative McCormack of Massachusetts . . . referred in May, 1957, to the "broad, humanitarian policies" of Trujillo. . . . "This rock of stability in the turbulent Caribbean" [was] the phrase of Senator Johnston of South Carolina, who spoke frequently on this note. "Every attack on the Dominican Republic can benefit only Moscow and Peking," said Representative Overton Brooks of Louisiana. Many Congressmen fell in with this view, including Representatives Anfuso of New York, Zablocki of Wisconsin, Reece of Tennessee, Long of Louisiana, and Senator Smiley of Wisconsin and the influential Senator Smathers of Florida.

Here, rumors and ideological myopia aside, are some of the realities of the Dominican "plight":

Employment: At least 40 per cent of the working population is presently unemployed. It is estimated that in twenty years the present population of 3.5 million will more than double, and that even with a healthy annual economic growth rate of 7 per cent there will be 1.2 million unemployed by 1986.

Education: Only 5 per cent of the national budget goes toward education (compared with more than 40 per cent for military expenditures). More than 130,000 school-age children are not enrolled in classes; half of them would need clothing in order to attend: three-quarters would need to have food served to them at school. At least 3,000 more teachers are needed, and at least half of those now teaching lack degrees. The government's Adult Education Department has been running an anti-illiteracy program for fourteen years, during which period literacy has declined (only one out of seventy Dominicans reads a newspaper, compared with one out of fifteen in neighboring Puerto Rico, and one out of three in the United States). The entire nation, which is 70 per cent agricultural, has only twenty-five agricultural engineers and twenty veterinarians.

Housing: More than 65 per cent of Dominican homes have dirt floors and palm-leaf or cane-stalk roofs. More than 75 per cent have only one room which, as Dominican sociologists put it, "accents the problem of promiscuity." Less than 10 per cent of the homes have inside toilets; many do not even have outside latrines. More than 20,000 housing units are needed in the next two decades; only 10,000 are being built.

Nutrition: Food intake averages 2,100 calories daily, a deficit of 400 calories, with a marked deficit in animal proteins.

Trade: More than two-thirds of imports are consumer goods, rather than raw materials for income-producing fabrication (a recent study showed that the country could produce $40 million worth of goods which are currently being imported).

One can become hardened to figures like these, until one remembers that they refer to people, living in shacks, defecating in the fields like animals, going to bed hungry, diseased, jobless. And these people live just a couple of hours by plane from the United States—which invaded to prevent communism, and which did not invade when a democratically elected President was toppled by the military.

Today the United States seems bent upon pumping up the economy to unprecedented heights—as long as the Dominican Republic remains comfortably within the U.S. sphere (it will be recalled that Chile also received generous aid once it decided that rather than confiscate the U.S. copper companies it would buy shares in them).

However, Juan Bosch once commented: "You cannot pour two liters of water into a one-liter bottle." He meant that the Dominican Republic so lacks trained technical and administrative talent that existing Dominican institutions will be unable to absorb and apply the amount of aid funds available to them. Thus, many ambitious U.S.-backed aid projects may take longer than expected to materialize. And the Dominican rich, still fearing political turbulence in the future, are shipping their capital abroad.

These delays and frustrations may produce the turbulence. Strikes and protests are commonplace throughout the world, but the Dominican police and military—heavily manned by illiterate brawlers whose idea of keeping the peace is to crack heads—have a way of inflaming small protests into mass riots. Economic activity—keeping people busy—can avert this unrest, and Balaguer is trying. He has announced a massive road-building project that will employ 40,000 men, and a home-construction program to raise 1,900 houses in the near future. He also chose women to govern the country's twenty-six provinces, since so few men, thanks to the rancorous nature of Dominican politics, are sufficiently liked to promote tranquillity.

In the name of patriotism, Balaguer has called for a strict austerity drive to help put the country back on its feet. All government salaries have been sharply reduced; his own to $750 monthly. Wages in private industry have been frozen for a few months.

The austerity drive has been hailed by everyone, but once people begin to tire of sacrifices, and demand results instead, the strikes and protests may come. And if Balaguer turns "liberal" to mollify the people, he will have to deal with the military which removed him from office in 1961. What happens then is anybody's guess. The military has been equipped with modern weapons by the occupying U.S. "Peace Force," and the *constitucionalistas* still have thousands of firearms hidden away.

The Dominican people have yet to force a showdown with the Dominican military. At this point, the future of Joaquín Balaguer's government is highly enigmatic. If it should turn dictatorial and the people should revolt, few Dominicans doubt that the United States would intervene again (despite Lyndon B. Johnson's statement in Mexico on April 28, 1966: "My administration . . . will not be deterred by those who say that to risk change is to risk communism"). And if Balaguer should be dumped by a military coup, there is always the precedent of the recent Argentine military take-over: the United States gave diplomatic recognition within two weeks. Perhaps Juan Bosch was suffering from the bruises of political disappointment, but he summed up the attitude of many of his countrymen when he wrote in his latest book: "Any democratic Latin American government that refuses to use its power for the benefit of the chosen few . . . cannot survive in this underdeveloped world of pirates with Cadillacs. Such a government must be a Communist regime and must forthwith be smashed."

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PRESSURES ON LABOR

Vietnam, Race and the Unions

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Repercussions of the escalated war in Vietnam have at last disrupted trade unions' activities to an extent that requires a fresh look at old problems and tested solutions. A war-oriented economy, characterized by inflation and labor-market shortages, puts new pressures at the collective bargaining table as union leaders strive to keep their ranks under control. The increasing unrest and the cracks now widening in the monolithic façade of American labor are evident in current arguments about AFL-CIO foreign policy; rejection of the "wage-price" guidelines as a basis for significant union bargaining, organizational gains and changes, new difficulties on the civil rights front, resistance of the rank and file to union leadership, and the considerable growth of white-collar unionism.

Walter P. Reuther, president of the 1,300,000-member UAW, is unable any longer to stomach the hard-line Vietnamese stand of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. He took recent public issue with the foreign policy resolution adopted at the August meeting of the AFL-CIO Executive Council—a statement reflecting Meany's rigid world outlook, which includes lumping Moscow, Hanoi and Peking together in a myopic blur ordinarily associated with veterans' organizations. The council's resolution, giving blanket endorsement to President Johnson's policies was, in Reuther's words, "intemperate, hysterical, jingoistic and unworthy of a policy statement of a free labor movement."

This outburst is only the latest in a series of important arguments between the two leaders. Last summer, Reuther questioned the tactics of having an AFL-CIO representative walk out of a meeting of the International Labor Organization because a Russian delegate took his regular turn as chairman.

Early last summer Victor Reuther, director of the UAW International Affairs Department, charged that the AFL-CIO foreign affairs director, Jay Lovestone, was working with the CIA overseas; he was also most critical of the role and functioning of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), which the AFL-CIO operates with support from some major industrial firms, and with a subsidy from the federal government.

In immediate response to the Reuther charges—rejected by the vast majority of the AFL-CIO council—Joseph Bierne, president of the Communications Workers of America and secretary of the AIFLD, gave a public accounting of the institute's work. He reported that the AFL-CIO had contributed $200,500 to the institute, business and industry (including some firms not celebrated for their pro-union attitude) about $150,000, and the government Agency for International Development about $3 million in 1965 alone. All in all, about $8 million has been spent since 1961 when the program began. So far, 43,000 unionists in Latin America have been training under AIFLD, of whom only 455 went either to classes in Washington, D.C., or at Fort Royal, Va., where, presumably, the CIA would have a voice in the training.

Other sources of friction between Reuther and Meany are the UAW's independent foreign policy statement which called for admitting Red China into the United Nations; the dispatch of a UAW inspection team, including Pat Greathouse, UAW vice president, on a trip to the Soviet Union last summer, and the UAW's increasingly independent role in the world labor movement, expressed in the creation of world auto workers' councils, and maintained through an active liaison office in Geneva.

While it is too early to guess the outcome of this schism in the top leadership of the American union movement, it is clear that Walter Reuther is labor's counterpart to Senator Fulbright. At their September convention, the Steelworkers adopted a foreign policy resolution more in line with the flexible views of Reuther than with Meany's stand-pat doctrine. How effective these developments will be in breaking the Meany-Lovestone monopoly on foreign policy decisions should become evident during the full-dress debate of the issues scheduled for a November meeting of the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO. Much depends, of course, on what happens on the Vietnamese front in the next several weeks.

In the area of economic problems, the headline-making strike of the machinists union against five major airlines last summer has been from many viewpoints the most important labor struggle of 1966. It bared the inadequacies of the Council of Economic Advisers' guideline policies, and shattered the influence of that body. It demonstrated how tinged with politics collective bargaining had become in some sectors of the economy, a consideration damaging to the Johnson Administration. It shook up the labor hierarchy, since the successful repudiation by the striking machinists of a contract their leaders had accepted set an ominous precedent for rebellious rank and filers in other unions. It provided an opportune occasion for the steel industry to take another swat at the guidelines by announcing a 3 per cent price increase on sheet metal—an act criticized by Gardner Ackley, chairman of the CEA, but soon accepted by the Administration.

The "wage-price" guideline was almost in a shambles before the machinists tied up the airline industry. Business has learned much since the dramatic confrontation between the steel industry and President Kennedy; selective price increases, or changing the "quality" of the product are much more difficult tactics for the Council of Economic Advisers to counter. Both industry and the union disregarded the guideline formula in the 1964 auto contract settlements. Recently, the auto industry has again raised its prices without provoking the wrath of Washington. With rare exception, the building trades unions and the construction industry have ignored the guidelines. The powerful Teamsters union has considered laughable any suggestion

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or interference from Washington on its collective bargaining. James Hoffa, the Teamsters' president, showed the extent of his contempt for the guideline theory when he urged the airline strikers to turn down the last and accepted offer whose cost was estimated at more than 5 per cent.

In view of the high profits of the airline industry, its growth possibilities, and the report that its annual productivity increase is about 7 per cent, the Hoffa suggestion is not as irresponsible as it may have seemed at first glance. Given the cost-of-living trend (it is increasing at a rate of about 3.5 per cent per year), to expect labor to take seriously a 3.2 per cent guideline is to enter the Washington dream world. As *Newsweek* pointed out in its September 26 issue, business profits have nearly doubled in the long boom since 1961, while pay-check gains have been cut in half by the rising cost of living.

Besides price increase, the profits have come from the more efficient use of plant capacity because of the high volume of production, and the introduction of automation and other technological innovations which have kept unit labor costs almost at a standstill. Corporation profits have soared from $44.2 billion before taxes and $32 billion after taxes in 1960 to $82.9 billion before taxes and $48.7 billion after taxes in 1966.

Important as this data may be for labor-management arguments about the "cut of the pie," it would be an error for the protagonists to become embroiled again in their postwar debate as to who was to blame for inflation. At that time they blackguarded each other, when the truth was that the pent-up consumer demand of the war years had created the basis for what is now recognized by many economists as demand inflation. To find the culprit today one would have to look into the farm sector—food prices are important—and what effect government monetary and fiscal policies have had on the economy.

In 1965, gross farm income totaled $44.4 billion, and realized a net farm income estimated at $14.1 billion. Direct government payments to farmers, or more exactly to the farm industry, were about $2.5 billion. (This prosperity does not reach down to the 4 million-plus farm people whose gross incomes are much lower than $5,000 annually and most of whom are classified as living in poverty. The plight of the agricultural workers, dramatized by the march in Texas and the long strike in the vineyards of California, did enlist the support of sections of the union movement, but a long fight lies ahead before unionism extends its beachheads among these dispossessed.)

And what kind of profits are the large middlemen making? Are rises in farm prices justified, or does government policy contain a large element of "political pay-off" to the farm lobbies? Farmers paid 4 per cent more for what they bought last year, but the price of commodities they sold increased 9 per cent.

As for government monetary and fiscal policy, there is evidence that devices like raising interest rates have not succeeded in checking inflation, but have priced many potential home buyers from the market (housing starts are declining to a rate of about 1 million annually from a high of more than 1.5 million). High-profit industries have not cared much about higher interest; they can afford it.

The inflationary pressures have come from business investment in plant and equipment and from increased defense spending. Although President Johnson has urged industry to restrain investment, his failure over the past year to touch the special 7 per cent tax depreciation allowances has encouraged business to intensify investment. Now the question is: can action still be taken on that front, or are bigger taxes needed?

The real cost of the war, in terms of federal purchases of goods and services, has been hidden in the comfortable

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statistic that these expenditures for "national defense" were only 7.5 per cent of the gross national product in 1965, and are estimated to increase to only 7.6 per cent in 1966 and 1967. But this is pressure placed on top of an already boom situation.

The added commitment in Vietnam and its economic consequences were predicted by *Fortune* in April, in an article entitled: "The Vietnam War: A Cost Accounting":

> But the war, it appears, will get bigger. U.S. Senators who know what the defense department witnesses say in closed Congressional hearings have predicted a U.S. buildup to 400,000 and more. General William C. Westmoreland, the U.S. Commander in Vietnam, has reportedly requested a buildup to 400,000 by the end of December. With that many U.S. Servicemen in South Vietnam, the cost of the war would run to $21 billion a year — even more if bombing and tactical air support is increased in proportion to the buildup on the ground.
>
> At any such level, the Vietnam war would bring on economic strains beyond what most economists appear to foresee and beyond what makers of public policy appear to be anticipating.

On June 6, *The Wall Street Journal* made a similar analysis: "The economic effects of Vietnam seem to have reached a stage where any change that takes place in the degree of U.S. involvement could prove disruptive. . . ."

With industry running close to full capacity, the demands for military hardware have priority in already critical materials like copper and textiles, and goods of all sorts are likely to be in short supply for the consumer. This will automatically drive up prices (the cost of clothing, for example, is up 7 per cent) and create an inflationary pressure. Shortages continue to mount. What is really happening to the economy was reported in *The Wall Street Journal* on July 13:

> Defense contract awards, which ran to $27.4 billion in the fiscal year ended in mid-1965, probably reached $36 billion in the year completed June 30. Though they're tentatively scheduled to drop to $34 billion in the new fiscal year just begun, few in the Pentagon now think they will. Estimates range from $36 billion to $40 billion if the pace of the war accelerates significantly. . . .
>
> As a result of this speedup, total defense expenditures last fiscal year probably topped $55 billion, compared with the $54.2 billion predicted in January. And the $58.3 billion budget estimate for fiscal 1967, too, seems certain to be eclipsed. One reason is that the budget submitted in January assumed arbitrarily that the Viet Nam war would end by June 30, 1967 — which few people in the Pentagon believe will happen.
>
> Already major "hardware" with long lead-times, such as aircraft, is being ordered for delivery beyond that date. Thus spending now is expected to climb beyond the $60 billion mark in the new fiscal year. . . .
>
> Along with higher spending, increased disruption of the civilian economy seems certain. A wide variety of industries is having trouble getting materials and equipment: Rope, telephone cable, textiles, forgings and castings, electronic equipment and machine tools are in short supply or subject to long delivery delays. Anthony A. Bertsch, assistant administrator of the Commerce Department's Business and Defense Services Administration (BDSA), forecasts "selective disruption" of the civilian economy in the months ahead.

The victims of inflation are in the main poor people, pensioners and people with fixed incomes, notably lower salaried personnel. It is not surprising, then, that teachers, nurses and government employees have revolted against this burden. Strikes, threats of strikes, mass resignations and other forms of pressures have been manifestations in 1966 of the unrest in the white-collar sector of the economy. In a sense, the vigor of the American Federation of Teachers in recent times—winning contracts and growing to about 125,000 members—is a white-collar analogy to the arrival of the CIO on the industrial front during the middle 1930s. The example of the CIO revitalized sections of the AFL; the teachers' union has already succeeded in transforming its rival, the National Education Association, into a semi-union, bargaining, threatening sanctions, and otherwise being forced into competition for teachers' loyalties as an instrument of protection in an inflationary period. Government employee unions now number about 1.5 million members.

Collective bargaining in one form or other is here to stay in the public sector, and given the shortage of teachers, nurses and other public servants, the white-collar groups enjoy today some of the economic power formerly reserved to skilled labor. A case in point is the AFT strike in Ecorse, Mich., where 194 teachers were fired for striking at the end of the spring semester. By August, the board of education had realized that replacements were impossible to find, and the union settled on terms better than it had originally demanded. Nurses in San Francisco discovered the power in mass resignations, and somehow money was found to meet their needs.

The growth of unionism in this new area has somewhat alarmed the Washington Establishment. James Reston referred to the government's misgivings in the September 4 *New York Times*: "Unfortunately, the feeling in official circles here is that the leaders in the newer unions organizing and bargaining for the airline workers, the retail workers, the teachers and other government employes are not outstanding, and that the older and more responsible leaders of the AFL-CIO have little influence over them, and have not been able to provide for the transition to the new generation of national labor union leaders who will have to take over from Mr. Meany in the AFL-CIO."

The real problem for labor leaders is somewhat different. The role of "labor statesmen," so much admired in newspaper editorials, no longer has quite its old appeal for men who remember what happened to David J. McDonald, labor statesman par excellence, and who note that George Burdon, president of the Rubber Workers union has just lost his job. The recent White House dinner for 100 labor leaders did succeed in improving relations between President Johnson and his guests, but few of the labor leaders present would have forgotten how many previous White House guests no longer run their unions. The increasing intrusion of the rank and file into union affairs gives substance to the definition of a labor statesman as a labor leader who has retired.

The fear of union democracy was well illustrated in a *New York Times* interview with William E. Simkin, director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service: "Mr. Simkin gives 'some credence to the fears of union leaders,' that Congress, in passing the Landrum-Griffin Act to re-

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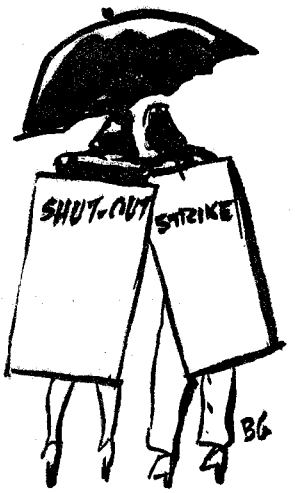
store more democracy to unionism and curb bossism, went too far in the other direction of encouraging rebel movements."

On the contrary, it seems to me that the recent Steelworkers' convention again demonstrated that a solid union leadership which genuinely respects the rank and file, as does the new regime of I. W. Abel, is a far superior implement for welding an effective organization than were the traditional attitudes of fear, contempt and iron-handed rule. The convention of the International Union of Electrical Workers, under its new president Paul Jennings, fortifies that opinion. The view-with-alarm school also forgets the high degree of correlation that has prevailed between dictatorially run unions and the incidence of racketeering and corruption.

In another important area of concern—the effect of trade unions on the civil rights struggle—it is difficult not to remain a pessimist. Although the AFL-CIO officially uses its limited influence to support social legislation, there



is little suggestion of anything but an increasing strain between the Negro communities and the unions. Currently, there are an estimated 250,000 apprentices in the one-to-four-year programs in which unions are involved, and if one makes the generous estimate that 10 per cent of these young people are Negroes, about 25,000 Negroes may gain entry into unions via that route. At a time when Negro unemployment is at almost 9 per cent, and Negro youth unemployment at about 31 per cent, the apprentice entries are a tiny dent in a massive problem.

The failure of the NAACP to nominate Walter P. Reuther to its board of directors is eloquent evidence of the new estrangement between Negro organizations and unions. Reuther's record on racial issues is far superior to that of anyone else in the trade union hierarchy, and the NAACP can hardly be categorized as "black nationalist." At the Labor Day rally in Detroit Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP, bluntly criticized large segments of the labor movement for failing to rally to the Negro's cause.

A staunch friend of unions, Msgr. George G. Higgins, director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference's Social Action Department, added his warning: "Too many labor leaders and too many members of the rank and file have yet to grasp the depth and passion of the present racial crisis. As a result, there is, unfortunately, a growing rift between organized labor and the Negro community." How deeply the "white backlash" has penetrated the union ranks can be better estimated when the current election returns have been analyzed.

Although Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and his organization retain close ties with the Reuther forces, it is openly acknowledged in Washington that many union officers are deeply disturbed by the Negro leader's activities in Chicago and other Northern cities. They feel that he creates new political difficulties. A common complaint, for example, was that he hurt the re-election chances of Sen. Paul Douglas by his Chicago demonstrations. The assumption seems to be that King has other options, though no one suggests what they might be.

Unless there is a dramatic shift in the war in Vietnam—a bigger war promises wartime restrictions on labor and management, and peace would introduce the problems of reconversion—all signs point to increasingly difficult labor disputes. A new breed of rank and filers confronts union leaders and their management counterparts in negotiations. The social composition of the work force is changing. The young strikers in the airlines defended their demands far more eloquently than did the CIO militants of the thirties who hated the open-shop industrial relations system, and wanted a union of their own choice. Those shock troops of a generation ago are gone or are disappearing. The young workers want results on a rising scale of expectations: salaries for blue-collar workers, guaranteed annual wages, cost of living "escalator clauses," annual gains. Making good on these issues, rather than reminders of the struggles and sacrifices of the past, is the criterion for a growing body of blue-collar workers who were not even born at the outbreak of World War II. This social factor, added to the economic impact of the war, augurs troubles in the major negotiations ahead.

Any tendency to discount these signs should have been stopped by the aftermath of the recent negotiations between General Electric and the International Union of Electrical Workers, supported by other concerned unions. Even though the package came to a 5 per cent increase (again mocking the 3.2 per cent guideline), the ranks were not satisfied, and a series of local strikes were settled only with Taft-Hartley injunctions and great leadership skill.

With certain modifications, one can also agree with this blunt statement of Walter Reuther: "Look, I'll level with you. Organized labor is in deep trouble. I could give you a story that would make headlines across the country; I could tell you things that would blow organized labor apart. But I'm not going to do it." Events of the past two years suggest that organized labor's leaders may well be "blown apart" by the ferment, unrest, exposures and weaknesses at the top. But unionism itself is too deeply integrated into the industrial relations systems for anyone to talk seriously of its demise. Union revenue and income, the fact that 90 per cent of agreements are signed peacefully and for two- and three-year periods, and a public policy which recognizes the right to organize and bargain, even when restricted by state and federal laws—these factors make certain that trade unions will play a permanent, if inadequate, role on the American scene.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Yevtushenko and the Underground Poets

SIMON KARLINSKY
Mr. Karlinsky is associate professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

The more one studies the Symbolist-Acmeist-Futurist creative explosion in Russian poetry of the first three decades of our century, the more staggered one is by its total scope and accomplishment. By the early 1930s, that great age was forcibly brought to an end by what in retrospect amounts to a governmental ban on all creativity and imagination. While Mayakovsky was being acclaimed *the* great Soviet poet and his work nationalized; while Pasternak was being decried by the Soviet press for his uniqueness and individuality, no younger poet was any longer allowed to try to equal the stylistic daring and modernity of either of these two. Victorian-age poetic techniques, themes and styles were brought back, proclaimed the latest word, and institutionalized as the only possible way for Socialist-Realist poetry, whereupon all Russian poetry worthy of the name ceased until after Stalin's death. As Boris Slutsky, a poet who survived the Stalinist period, described the plight of Russian poetry during those years:

Only yesterday she was on the run,
Wringing her hands in terror.
Only yesterday she was on the executioner's block
For perhaps the tenth time.

Since 1956, however, there has been a definite poetic revival in the Soviet Union. Within the country, the most striking development of the past decade is the grudging recognition now granted to the great Russian poets of the early 20th century and, most important, the partial availability of their work. The recognition and availability are limited and subject to certain carefully observed ideological rules, but with all that, the really momentous phenomenon in Russian poetry of the past ten years is that the poems of Anna Akhmatova, Boris Pasternak, Marina Cvetaeva, Velimir Khlebnikov, Nikolai Zabolotsky and, most recently, Andrei Belyi can actually be read, after decades of suppression, vilification and officially imposed oblivion. But at least a dozen of other major poets who were exiled, condemned to silence or physically destroyed by the Soviet regime (Kuzmin, Gumilev, Mandelshtam, Zinaida Gippius, Viacheslav Ivanov, Khodasevich, to name a few) have not yet been republished and are still treated very gingerly in the Soviet press and scholarship.

Outside the Soviet Union, the younger post-Stalinist poets have been making the biggest news. The international attention now attracted by Yevtushenko and Voznesensky is nothing short of phenomenal. Their poetry is read in translation and acclaimed by thousands of young Europeans and Americans for whom Akhmatova and Pasternak were merely names, and who probably had never heard of Mandelshtam or Cvetaeva or Zabolotsky. This situation is paradoxical: the reverse would be for a generation of Russian readers who had never heard of Yeats or T.S. Eliot or Auden or Marianne Moore suddenly to acclaim Allen Ginsberg as the first significant English-language poet since Whitman and Wilde. But this situation is also the sign of the times. The fact is that Yevtushenko and Voznesensky represent two of the possible options that a Russian poet has today. Examining the respective situations and accomplishments of these poets and contrasting them to the alternative options, exemplified by such poets as Bulat Okudzhava, Iosif Brodsky and Nikolai Morshen, may perhaps throw light on the actual state of Russian poetry.

Antiworlds: Poetry by Andrei Voznesensky. Edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. Basic Books. 120 pp. $4.95.

The New Russian Poets 1953 to 1966. An Anthology, Selected, Edited and Translated by George Reavey. Bilingual Edition. October House. 292 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.95.

Yevtushenko Poems. Authorized translation by Herbert Marshall. Bilingual edition. E. P. Dutton & Co. 191 pp. $4.50.

Voznesensky: Selected Poems. Authorized Translation, with Introduction and Notes, by Herbert Marshall. Hill and Wang. 129 pp. $4.50.

Selected Poems of Andrei Voznesensky. Translated and with an Introduction by Anselm Hollo. Grove Press. 107 pp. $1.95 paper.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko. *Selections from The Bratsk Hydroelectric Station and Other Poems.* Translated by Bernard L. Koten. New World Review. 48 pp. $1 paper.

Iosif Brodsky. *Selected Poetry.* (In Russian.) Inter-Language Literary Associates. 239 pp. $2.25 paper.

Nikolai Morshen. Poems in *The New Review.* Nos. 82 and 83. (In Russian.)

Bulat Okudzhava Sings His Songs. (In Russian.) 12" record, recorded and pressed for ARFA by RCA-Victor Custom Records Division. $4.50.

Bulat Okudzhava. "Lots of Luck, Kid!" Translated by Robert Szulkin, in *Pages From Tarusa.* Andrew Field, editor. Little, Brown and Co. 367 pp. $7.50.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko is undoubtedly the biggest name in Soviet poetry today. There has not been such a matinee idol in Russian poetry since the days when Igor Severianin used to recite his Ego-Futuristic poems to audiences on the eve of World War I. Despite Yevtushenko's vehement denials, there is an unmistakable kinship: he shares Severianin's penchant for a pseudo-elegant foreign vocabulary and has on occasion the same sure-fire sentimentality and the same facile and bouncy optimism. He also possesses Severianin's theatrical flair. To hear Yevtushenko recite his versified editorials is a spellbinding experience. But deprived of the author's delivery and reduced to a printed page, his poems inevitably disappoint.

Yevtushenko's main strength is in being topical. Such poems as "Babi Yar," "The Ballad on Poaching," the still unpublished "Letter to Esenin" and the recent, dreadfully maudlin "Italian Tears" can state the thoughts and attitudes of the younger Soviet generation in ways that could not be safely printed in the Soviet Union unless dressed up as verse. There is an obvious analogy in this with the czarist Russia of the 1860s: Nekrasov's verse and Chernyshevsky's literary criticism also had ways of bringing up certain "burning issues" otherwise too hot to be aired publicly. Considering the role his poetry plays within the present-day Soviet society, Yevtushenko's success and fame at home are both understandable and well deserved. But when his foreign admirers accept his mixture of grandstand histrionics and mawkish sentiment as a

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major poetic utterance of our age, there is evidence of a total misunderstanding of what poetry is all about.

Yevtushenko can be admired for his editorial daring; the daring of Andrei Voznesensky is largely stylistic and thematic. His poetry tries to be frankly original and unabashedly imaginative—two qualities that are of course essential for any true poetry, but which were considered grave sins in Stalin's era. Voznesensky, more than any other young Soviet poet, also brings back the emphasis on the verbal aspects of the poet's craft. His strident assonances, out-of-control alliteration and overly insistent play on verbal stems are all borrowed from his great predecessors Khlebnikov, Pasternak and Marina Cvetaeva, who used such devices, however, both with more restraint and greater expressive effect. But these poets are dead, while Andrei Voznesensky is alive and celebrated and, besides, Soviet poetry can certainly use a transfusion of technical originality, whatever the source. A far more talented and accomplished poet than Yevtushenko, Voznesensky shares with him a certain provincial limitation of outlook and the habit of interspersing his more daring efforts with more conventional or even conformist utterances on the standard themes of official Soviet poetry: the greatness of the Russian people, the tenderness and affection inspired in the poet by Lenin's name, and the horrors of American militarism, Western decadence and the FBI. When Mayakovsky treated similar themes back in the 1920s, there was no doubt that they represented his actual convictions; in Yevtushenko and Voznesensky, whatever their feelings may be, the reader gets the inevitable Soviet clichés which all Soviet writers (and especially those allowed to travel abroad) have been required to reiterate *ad nauseam* for the past thirty years.

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For the third most popular Russian poet now writing, Bulat Okudzhava, freedom from the compulsory cliché has become *the* crucial freedom within the context of Soviet literature. Although he has published several slim volumes of verse, Okudzhava is primarily a *chansonnier* in the French tradition. The effect of his poems depends equally on the melodies he composes for them and on his own subdued and intimate delivery. The most original and popular of his songs were not included in his published collections; nor are they commercially available on Soviet-made records. But privately made tapes of Okudzhava's songs enjoy an enormous circulation in the Soviet Union, and no party in Moscow or Leningrad has been complete without them for the past five years. The recording recently released in this country contains some of his best-known pieces. A good half of the songs included represent underground poetry.

The concept of literature, including poetry, as a lesson or a sermon has always been central to Soviet culture. In his minor and modest way, Okudzhava now revives the opposite, nondidactic concept of art, stemming in the Russian tradition from Pushkin and Chekhov. His songs simply show or describe things as he sees them and his attitude to his subject matter is contained within his manner. He can also be quite refreshingly irreverent. His *Paper Soldier* treats the whole notion of military heroics, Soviet or otherwise, as absurd (the same kind of scoffing in Okudzhava's amusing novella "Lots of Luck, Kid!" was literally horrifying to the orthodox Soviet critics).

Another Okudzhava song tells of water-front prostitutes and of some Soviet sailors who are frightened to go out to sea. Prostitution is not indicted, the sailors' cowardice is neither defended nor condemned—there is an implied presupposition of an adult audience that has outgrown Sunday school. Okudzhava's *The Midnight Trolley* has particularly irked the orthodox Soviet mentality. The hero of this song tells of his remedy against loneliness and acute depression: take the midnight trolley in Moscow and sit in it next to others who have also experienced shipwreck in the night. Neither Lenin, nor the great Russian people are evoked. Instead:

Who would have thought that there
is so much kindness
In silence. In silence.

Quietly, unobtrusively, Okudzhava brings back the things that are most inimical to the Soviet brand of Socialist-Realistic aesthetics: a detached irony, freedom to be either optimistic or pessimistic, depending on the subject at hand, and, at times, a genuine sense of human tragedy. His refusal to take out insurance in the form of occasional reiteration of official clichés is apparently what makes some of his most popular work unpublishable in the Soviet Union to this day. Other younger Soviet poets who have come into prominence in the past decade—Bella Akhmadulina, Yevgeny Vinokurov, Viktor Bokov, Novella Matveeva—do take out such insurance. The remaining alternatives for a Russian poet today is to publish clandestinely in the Soviet Union (and perhaps to send his work to be published abroad at great personal risk) or to be an *émigré* poet.

Shortly before her death, Anna Akhmatova stated in several interviews that today's important and lasting Russian poetry does not appear in the official press and is unknown abroad. (See "Akmatova: Tragic Queen Anna" by Alexander Werth, *The Nation*, Aug. 22.) The underground poetry Akhmatova had in mind has a minuscule circulation in the Soviet Union in mimeographed publications, the very names of which constitute a challenge to what is officially acceptable: *Syntax* (an open invitation to a charge of formalism), *Sphynxes* (an assertion of the mystery of poetic creation) and *Phoenix* (a rebirth of poetry from the ashes). In these privately circulated publications (some of which have been reprinted *in toto* in a West German *émigré* journal), young and unknown poets can achieve a full measure of freedom from the ideological fetters and can write in any style about anything they please. Their stylistic inspiration comes for the most part from Khlebnikov's experiments with language of some fifty

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years ago; Marina Cvetaeva (who committed suicide in 1941 after her voluntary return from exile) and Nikolai Gumilev (shot for counterrevolutionary activities in 1921) are objects of a cult. The poetry in these little journals is by no means great, and it is even rarely good, but it *is* fresh and free in the way Yevtushenko's is not.

The most notable poet to have so far emerged from these clandestine publications is Iosif Brodsky, who became famous after the Soviet authorities put him on trial for being a "parasite" and a "sponger." The transcript of his trial, published in the West, left no doubt that what was really indicted in Brodsky's person was the whole notion of writing socially useless poetry. After being sentenced to five years at hard labor, and spending almost two years carting manure in a remote northern area, Brodsky was quietly released this year. A piece of poetry he has written since his release has just reached the West; it is a cycle of poems dedicated to the memory of T. S. Eliot. A selection of Brodsky's poems, most of which appeared in Soviet underground journals, was published in 1965 by the Inter-Language Literary Associates, Washington, D. C. Brodsky's poetry is uneven, often murky and verbose, but at its best it has a seriousness and a profundity no other Soviet poet can match. He uses surrealistic imagery freely, his acknowledged foreign influences—John Donne and Eliot—are not on any Soviet approved list; and if Okudzhava's jaunty songs admit only a possibility of a tragic view of life, Brodsky's brooding elegies are at times permeated with an oppressive sense of doom which only the eternal values of art and nature are allowed to overcome.

The best present-day Russian poetry is not produced by any of the four by now internationally famous poets discussed so far. Since the death of Anna Akhmatova, the finest living Russian poet is a man whose poetry is known to perhaps a few hundred people at most. His name is Nikolai Morshen. In originality of content, profundity, literary culture and craftsmanship, neither Voznesensky nor Brodsky can even touch his work. Morshen has been publishing for over a decade, yet his name remains virtually unknown in the Soviet Union. It is all a question of the peculiar role of geography in modern Russian literature. St.-John Perse or Thomas Mann could reside in America and maintain their positions in their respective literatures. But a modern Russian writer who leaves his country inevitably loses not only his Russian audience but any claim to international attention.

Nikolai Morshen, the most important

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RUTH KNIGHT

New South Wales in the 1840's provided a stormy setting of great appeal to young Robert Lowe, an English albino barrister with no money but plenty of mettle. He quarreled with the governor, then with the squatters, and was active in every political controversy of the day.

Ruth Knight has written a lively account of the Australian career of this unusual man who later became Chancellor of the Exchequer under Gladstone. *Published for Melbourne University Press.* Illustrated. $12.00

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of several interesting Russian *émigré* poets now active in the West, left Russia as a very young man during World War II, and lives at present in Monterey, Calif. His one small book of verse was published in West Germany in 1959. Entitled *The Seal,* the book uses this pinniped mammal, with its breathing hole in the Arctic ice, as the central metaphor for the collection, whose theme is the situation of a restless and inquisitive intellectual in an environment of totalitarian orthodoxy. Since the publication of *The Seal,* Morshen's poetry has been steadily growing in scope and stature. This year he has published in the New York-based Russian literary journal *The New Review* two sets of poems which clearly place him in the front rank of 20th-century Russian poets. Influenced initially by Mandelshtam, Pasternak and Zabolotsky, and later by Teilhard de Chardin, Morshen has more recently matured into a wholly original poet, unlike any other in Russian literature. His latest poetry draws on completely new areas of human thought (cybernetics and paleontology, for example); the elegance of his verbal texture, which is light years away from the strident pyrotechnics of a Voznesensky, is comparable to the best of Pasternak; a recent poem in which the grasses and weeds of the North American wilderness are made to recite a tiny anthology of classical Russian poetry is a tour de force of truly dazzling proportions. There is no doubt that a large and enthusiastic audience awaits Morshen's poetry in the Soviet Union, should it be made available there (at which time, presumably, translators into other languages will also deign to notice it).

In the meantime, there is a veritable flood of English translations of Yevtushenko and Voznesensky. Anselm Hollo's versions of Voznesensky, inexplicably endorsed by the poet himself and now available in paperback, are a particularly blatant example of that all too frequent recent phenomenon, translation of Russian literature by guesswork. Knowing the language only sketchily and apparently not wishing to use a dictionary, Hollo translates "hunting hound" as "rodent"; "Ah, those home-grown Iagos!" as "O they are hothouse flowers"; and "Poetesses hasten to become market-women" *("Poètessy begut v lotosvicy")* as "And the poet-girls, running, running . . . / Toward the trembling black grove." Whenever the text gets too idiomatic for comfort, Hollo simply drops the passage and develops an earlier or later phrase. He throws in Anglo-Saxon obscenities or French words, apparently just for the hell of it, when there is not the slightest pretext for them in Voznesensky's Russian original. At times he totally misses the point of an entire poem.

Compared to Hollo's "translations," even Herbert Marshall's versions of Yevtushenko and Voznesensky look well. But the improvement is only relative. Marshall understands many more Russian words and he tries to convey something of Voznesensky's style and verbal structure. But as an English stylist, Marshall is naive, to say the least, and he, too, has considerable difficulties with the Russian idiom. Voznesensky's introduction to his "Triangular Pear" begins: "I am writing a work of major proportions, with a plot. It is about 'the discovery of America.'" Marshall's rendition of this is: "I am working on a big thematic subject: 'About the Discovery of America.'" (Hollo's version of the passage is: "I am working on a great theme: the discovery of America.")

Marshall's own wildly ungrammatical Russian sentences, quoted by him in his largely irrelevant introduction to the Voznesensky volume leave no doubt how ill equipped he is to translate anything at all from that language. Copious footnotes have been supplied by Marshall for both the Yevtushenko and the Voznesensky volumes, and the only word for some of them is "unbelievable." Natasha Rostova, in a footnote appended to a spectacularly garbled and misunderstood Yevtushenko passage, is described as a character from Tolstoy's "great novel *Anna Karenina*" (*Yevtushenko Poems,* p. 149), while the Queen of Sheba and Bathsheba, mentioned in Voznesensky's "Ballad of Work" are left in their Russian transcriptions and helpfully identified by Marshall as "A Tsarina of Russia, patron of the arts, of whom many portraits were painted," and "A lake in Estonia," respectively *(Voznesensky: Selected Poems,* p. 115).

Fragments from Yevtushenko's long epic "The Bratsk Hydroelectric Station" have been translated by Bernard L. Koten. (How odd that this sprawling, verbose opus should become available in some three English translations, while such authentic masterpieces of Russian 20th-century narrative poetry as Belyi's "First Rendez-Vous," Cvetaeva's "Poem of the End" and Zabolotsky's "Triumph of Agriculture," to name a few, still remain untranslated.) Coten worked with greater care than Marshall, in whose volume this poem is also partly represented. At least Coten conveys the meaning of the title, while Marshall's equivalent, "Bratsky GES," makes no sense in English and throws the gender agreement of Yevtushenko's Russian title out of kilter. But Coten, alas, also has his vocabulary trouble (Yevtushenko speaks of Lermontov's "bilious gaze," which Coten renders as "bitter vision") and as poetry, even on Yevtushenko's level of the term, Coten's translation is often plodding and uninspired.

The same has to be said, unfortunately, of the translations in George Reavey's anthology, though Reavey's are on a far superior level than the grotesqueries of Hollo or Marshall. In addition to the inevitable Yevtushenko, Reavey's book offers a sampling of Voznesensky, Brodsky, Okudzhava, the underground poet Galanskov, the witty and whimsical Novella Matveeva (her least typical work, it seems) and a few others, but all of them somehow emerge flat and unrewarding in English, with Okudzhava, stripped of his direct and laconic manner and relentlessly explicated to the full, faring about the worst. Whatever one can say about the new post-Stalinist Soviet poets, one thing is certain: they deserve better from their English translators.

Voznesensky, for one, does get better (and then some) in the unusual volume *Antiworlds,* edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. The contrast between this volume and the others mentioned is dazzling. Not only have Voznesensky's poems been translated by those who have understood all his Russian words and who have no problems with Russian idiom or syntax (an elementary requirement, of course, though it is rarely met these days), but most of the poems in this volume stand up remarkably well as English poetry. In fact, the paradoxical fault of *Antiworlds,* if regarded as a set of translations, is that the results are too spectacularly good. Put into English by the likes of W. H. Auden, Robert Lowell (who on this occasion, for once, was given

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reliable trots) and Richard Wilbur, Voznesensky loses the naive and provincial tone he often has in Russian, sheds his often crude and overemphatic alliteration, and indeed becomes the kind of poet he undoubtedly could be had he the literary culture and sophistication of his translators. But this is probably mere carping. Everybody who contributed to *Antiworlds* is to be congratulated (Voznesensky on his good fortune). Is it too much to hope that a similar venture may be organized by the editors to furnish an equally successful English volume of Mandelshtam or Cvetaeva or Khodasevich or Zabolotsky?

Familiars of Death

JOHN BERGER

Mr. Berger served as art critic of the New Statesman *for ten years and is now a regular contributor to* New Society *(London). His most recent published work is* Success and Failure of Picasso *(Penguin).*

It is five years ago that I first saw the sculpture of Ernst Neizvestny in Moscow and first wrote about it. Since then he has developed very considerably as an artist, and what were then predictions are today certainties. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to suppose that his most important works —according to the very high standards which he has set himself—are still to come. Whether or not they are created depends upon whether he is granted the space and time in which to work slowly and calmly. He is now a fully mature artist who can no longer be content with sketches and indications. The critical question is not that of a reputation: but whether the genius of Ernst Neizvestny is fully expressed in works or remains only a challenge.

It would be an exaggeration to say that he was neckless: but Neizvestny's head seems to be part of his body. His body is short, broad and expressive of extraordinary energy. You remember his shoulders and chest as you remember another person's forehead or jaw. One of the shapes that recur many times in his drawings and sculpture is that of an enlarged heart. As a result of a heart attack several years ago, he himself is said to have a "weak" heart, yet considering the pace at which he still lives and works, it must have been an unusually tough organ to begin with.

It is difficult for him to stay still. He sleeps only a few hours at night. Very little passes him by. On a practical level he is almost excessively observant. This observation combined with his intelligence and organizing ability might have made him a remarkable soldier or politician. As it is, his art has curiously little to do with what he observes directly. His art is the creature of his own physical existence. Not in any hedonist sense. It is as though the structure of his imagination had been formed to demonstrate the severe truth—that being conditions consciousness. It is via his own body—as we shall notice later —that he has become a spokesman for his country and age.

He was born in 1926. On his official papers it says 1925. This is because he lied about his age when he applied to join the army in the Second World War. His father is a successful doctor and his mother is a scientist and writer. They live in the Urals where Ernst was brought up as a child. It was an area where there were many exiles both of the anti-Communist and Communist intelligentsia. He grew up in an atmosphere of intellectual tension.

"My war began in early childhood, and it hasn't stopped. I have always had the feeling of being in the front line. Now I've reached the point where I feel really well only when I'm under stress. But of course today it could be the stress of work. . . ."

In 1942, he joined the army, aged 16. He became a lieutenant in command of a platoon of commandos. They were dropped behind the German lines. Part of a poem that he wrote at that time has the documentary value of a soldier's letter. Neizvestny would today make little claim for the poem as such. But it illuminates something about his later attitude as an artist. All his sculptural figures are familiars of death. They are the very antithesis to, say, the "deathless" figures of Maillol. Neizvestny talks of there having to be a dialogue within each figure. All imitation classic art he dismisses as a monologue. And of dialogues none is deeper than that implied by the following:

A lull. They fell in clusters.
Fell asleep instantly erased by fatigue.
The living and the corpses embracing.
In blood.
No disgust. Soon we'll all be dead.

Anyone here? Get up — it's Reveille.
Unfamiliar faces. Blue.
Anyone from the Second Storm
Battalion still alive?
On your feet. There's fun ahead.

The corpses getting up? How strange.

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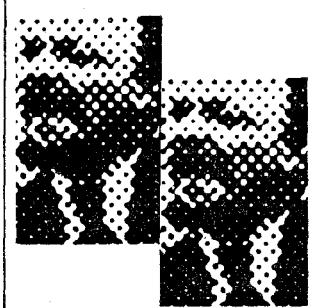

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I thought the living ones were over there. . . .

Soon after, Neizvestny was severely wounded in the chest and in the back, and left for dead. Twenty years later he was awarded the Order of the Red Star for his part in that battle. In the intervening twenty years no one had made the connection between Lieutenant Neizvestny, missing, presumed dead, and a notorious sculptor.

Yet the connection could not have been more fundamental. Neizvestny's sculptural figures, familiars of death, express at the same time endurance, pain and the will to survive. They allude to an experience of time probably known only to those who have been given up for dead. Tolstoy's famous passage about Prince Andrey lying on his back at Austerlitz describes the same truth. Prince Andrey thinks: "How was it that I did not see that sky before? And how happy I am to have found it at last!"

Neizvestny's work is concerned with the following chain: Time = Change = Pain = Endurance = Release = Arrival = Time. The less experienced would expect to find Departure instead of Arrival. The chain can be interpreted in terms of survival or creation, in terms of living or the sexual act.

After the war Neizvestny studied philosophy as well as art in Moscow. It was at this time that he first read the early Marx—and, later, Gramsci. He wrote a paper on the nature of Fascist art, which led him to study the beginnings of Nazism in Germany. He came to the conclusion that the early Nazis had learned a good deal from *émigré* members of the Russian Black Hundreds: the prototype Fascist organization first formed in the 1860s, backed by the big landlords, incidentally anti-Semitic, and operating as a force of intimidation against the liberation of the serfs. During his childhood Neizvestny had met men who had been latter-day members of the Black Hundreds. It is an absurd understatement to call Neizvestny's lifetime—our lifetime—a period of transition. It is a period of revolutionary transformation. But in the visual arts the implications of this have generally not been understood.

Neizvestny worked as an assistant to various sculptors and as a mason. One of the most eminent of the official sculptors for whom he worked—modeling the boots on some gigantic monument to Stalin—noticed that his assistant tended to be independent-minded, and tried to warn him: "The secret of success is to do what *they* tell you. To try to go against *their* wishes—believe me—is like trying to pee against the wind."

Fifteen years and many events later

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REPORT TO THE BLUE GUARD

the problem: to remember
the dreams of the day
to report
to the blue guard
on the bridge

and i will forget
tonight again
and lie in the sun pits
uninterrogated
painted many colors

far below the bridge
standing on the bridge
with the blue guard
smoking
swaying

ROBERT HERSHON

the same sculptor made a proposition to Neizvestny: "Look, why can't we be friends? We're the two strongest men in the field, we should arrange things together." Neizvestny laughed. "You're a member of the Academy," he said. "You have the army behind you and an honorary rank of general, you have a vast studio, a large car, a dacha, a marble bathroom, you get continuous commissions, and you have the illusion that you're strong."

In the late 1950s Neizvestny began to work by himself and to acquire a widespread unofficial reputation—more especially among the young—as an artist who was different and would make no concessions. The fact that he was a sculptor and not a painter or poet was highly significant: more significant at that time, perhaps, than the quality of his work, which was still somewhat hesitant—in the sense of being formally somewhat inexperienced.

There was already a large tradition of writers and painters working "privately": their work was usually highly personal, lyrical or contemplative (e.g., Pasternak in literature or Falk in painting). Their privacy tended to be preserved by a veil of some kind of mysticism.

Neizvestny, however, was challenging the official record in one of the least private, the most public, branches of art—sculpture. Furthermore, he was prepared to argue for his work by virtue of its monumental, its social function. This was not another quietist withdrawal. He was contesting the right of Soviet sculpture, as it was generally being practiced, to its own claims.

The challenge carried with it its own dangers. To write poems you need a notebook in a park. To paint pictures you need a room and some paints such as you can buy in a shop. To make sculpture you need stone or wood or bronze, a foundry and a studio. The only access to any of these in the Soviet Union is through official channels which are controlled either by the Academy of Arts or the Union of Artists.

Neizvestny was forced to find himself an unused shop which he had no right to use as a studio, and to buy his materials illegally on the black market. (A little later he gained one official commission—to build a wall of sculptural relief for a pioneers' camp in the Crimea.) For a large part of his time he was now occupied with what—according to the letter of the law—was his own illegal work, bronze figures—mostly consequential to war. The contradictions of a man working with the conscience of a public artist—as distinct from an idiosyncratic nonconformist—being forced to become a petty criminal, helps to explain the drama of the next sequence of events.

The confrontation between Khrushchev and Neizvestny in November, 1962, is well known, but in order to understand its meaning one must correct a frequent illusion about the struggle concerning the arts in the USSR. It is not a simple struggle between a Philistine political leadership and a group of constrained artists. There are certain powerful voices on the Central Committee who are in favor of experimental art. So far as the visual arts are concerned, the greatest single obstacle to change lies in the power of the majority of well-established artists who dominate *all* policy decisions in order to defend and maintain their own position of excessive privilege.

Among these privileged artists there are, of course, differences of attitude. The most successful are members of the Academy. The Union of Artists is mostly in the hands of "liberals," who oppose the Academy—up to the point when they, themselves, have the opportunity of being elected to the Academy—as a kind of licensed opposition. The former believe in serving the people with whom they share, at the very most, a sense of patriotism; the latter believe in their own artistic sensibilities which have so far been underestimated.

The enemy of progress in Moscow is not Philistinism but opportunism manipulating Philistinism.

The exhibition which Khrushchev greeted with shouts of "Dog shit! Filth! Disgrace! Who is responsible for this? Who is the leader?" had been specially assembled at the Manège Building so that Khrushchev and other members of the government might inspect it. In the room were most of the participating artists, who had labored all night to mount their works. Many of them were the young experimental artists whom Neizvestny has been encouraging for several years, both directly and indirectly. In style they range from Kinetic artists to those predominantly influenced by Surrealism and Dada. It might seem that he encourages anything nonconformist just because it is so. His reasoning is, in fact, far more responsible.

He recognizes the value in most recent innovations in art (and is, incidentally, very well informed about them) but, at the same time, he recognizes that their revelations, however genuine, are extremely narrow. He sees the crisis of art today as being epitomized by the inability of the artist to approach his work from any distance: such inability being caused, in the last analysis, by a sense of historical impotence. Consequently, he sees the need for a synthetic view which will both recognize and situate the innovations: a view which can only be born out of historical understanding.

In his shop there is a model for a "sculpture," a construction on a huge scale which people will cross like a park or enter like a building. Uncommissioned, as yet unaccepted, but taken seriously by a number of architects and philosophers, it is a project for the new scientific research town near Novosibirsk. In this,

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Neizvestny imagines artists of all styles being employed, but each section forming part of an overall sequence whose theme will be that of human thought examining its own history. Scale frightens no Russian, and so grandiosity, although it exists, is seldom thought of as a danger. "The new vulgarity," says Neizvestny, "is good taste."

It was Neizvestny who was pointed out to Khrushchev as the leader of the group. When Khrushchev started to shout again, Neizvestny shouted back: "You may be premier and chairman, but not here in front of my work. Here I am premier and we shall talk as equals."

The discussion which followed was extraordinary for the courage Neizvestny displayed. It went on for more than an hour, during which Neizvestny was accused of being a beatnik, a homosexual and a thief. In the end Khrushchev told him: "You are the kind of man I like. But there's an angel and a devil in you. If the angel wins, we can get along together. If it's the devil who wins, we shall destroy you."

A later investigation included an examination to test Neizvestny's sanity. The need for this may have arisen from Khrushchev's asking Neizvestny, some time after the Manège affair, how he could withstand for so long the pressure of the state. Neizvestny replied that there are certain bacteria—very small, soft ones—which can live in a super-saline solution such as would dissolve the foot of a rhinoceros. The doctors found him sane.

The entire Manège incident will eventually be seen to be a turning point in the history of Soviet art. Partly as a result of Neizvestny's behavior, partly as a result of many other broader social and political developments, the existence of a new art was acknowledged and, despite all the threats, not forcibly suppressed.

But this is to take the long view. Meanwhile Neizvestny's working situation is the same as it was then. He is less threatened. But his art is as much hindered.

He has received no new commissions. All applications for the exhibition or sale of his works abroad are turned down by the appropriate committees, dominated by the established artists who, since he has so improbably survived, have become even more aware of the danger he may represent. One might ask why they should be so worried by one competitor—when the state spends about 50 million rubles a year on sculpture projects. But they realize that if his claim to be a sculptor was admitted, their own would soon be doubted, and a whole new generation of sculptors would then form behind him. This is—or so I am convinced—the basis of the arguments which overtly are about style, content and realism.

Neizvestny sells drawings and a few small sculptures privately to individuals—mostly to scientists of one sort or another. Occasionally a supporter at government level outflanks the artistic bureaucracy. Thus one of his sculptures was presented as a state gift to the President of Finland. Thus last year he was given permission to go and work for an international symposium in Yugoslavia. There, for the first time in his life, he was able to work unharassed in proper working conditions, for six weeks on end. He made two large stone carvings and numerous drawings on the theme of Dante's Inferno. With these he won first prizes. The prize money he was able to take back to the Soviet Union. But not a single word about this honor gained by a Soviet artist has yet been published in the Soviet press.

He continues to work in the unused shop. It is cramped and dark. Full of most of his life's work to date, the working space is now reduced to about 2 square yards. He still has to cast his own bronzes in an absurdly small and primitive furnace at the back of the shop. This means that any figure measuring more than about 2 feet has to be cast in several pieces. It also means that the quality of the casts is extremely rough. He must find his materials and any equipment he needs on the black market.

The disadvantages of these wretched conditions affect his work less drastically than they might another kind of artist.

"I think, read, philosophize before working—and then work in an unthinking passion."

When he is modeling he depends far more on his sense of touch than on sight—hence the dinginess of the light and the cramped space are not insuperable difficulties. By laboriously having to do all his own casting he has found that he can often come nearest to his intentions by working directly on the sand molds, changing them radically, as compared to the original plaster models. "I can work from inside the body instead of from the outside, and what will be the exterior surface of the bronze feels no further from the center of me than my own skin."

Yet if an artist habitually works at this pitch of intensity, one must face the possibility that his working life may not be all that long, and then the use to which he can put his perhaps limited energy and time becomes critical.

Neizvestny continues to have to waste a great deal of both in order to improvise and organize for the minimum he needs in order to work at all. "In the last five years I've been able to spend about 15 per cent of my energy on sculpture."

If the situation does not change, the loss could still be tragic. Neizvestny may well be the first visual artist of genius born in the USSR since the revolution. Furthermore, he is a *Soviet* artist. This is not a case of an artist in an enclave, surrounded by a society with which he is out of sympathy, demanding the freedom to pursue his own art. The truth of this can be demonstrated, I think, by examining the general meaning and content of his work.

"He clove my breast with a sword, and plucked out my quivering heart, and thrust a coal of live fire into my gaping breast. Like a corpse I lay in the desert. And the voice of God called out to me: 'Arise, O prophet, see and hear, be filled with my will, go forth over land and sea, and set the hearts of man on fire with your word.'" This is a prose translation from a very famous poem by Pushkin (*Penguin Book of Russian Verse*, edited by Dimitri Obolensky) about the creation of a prophet. One of Neizvestny's most recent life-size figures is also entitled "The Prophet." It has a gaping breast and through it are thrust the man's own hands as though to grasp the "coal of live fire." I am not sure whether Neizvestny had the Pushkin poem in mind. Anyway the analogy is more general than that. The poem applies to all Neizvestny's work—and to certain aspects of his life too.

Sometimes Neizvestny calls all his recent figures "Prophets." He imagines them finally assembled together to form what

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he terms a "Gigantomachia." These prophets developed out of sculptures of "Machine-Men" and these in their turn developed out of figures of wounded soldiers and war victims.

The fundamental element in common among all these figures—also described in Pushkin's poem—is the substitution of a natural part by an unnatural, incongruous or artificial part. Among the early works there is a sculpture actually entitled "Man With Artificial Limb"; in the "Machine-Men," machine parts are absorbed by the body; in the prophets, parts are ripped out and reassembled. This is the mode—as we shall see—of Neizvestny's obsession with endurance.

It is the same preoccupation which leads him to make some of his figures hermaphrodites, to sculpt a centaur, and to make several hundred drawings inspired by Dante's Inferno. In all of them the human body suffers radical transformations, which are usually the result of substitution or an intrusion of something foreign to that body.

This preoccupation clearly refers to his own war experience. And in doing so it can refer to the experience of millions of others.

The most important single fact in the post-revolutionary history of the Soviet Union is that 20 million men, women and children lost their lives as a result of the Second World War. There is now a Soviet artist who might be capable of creating a memorial that would do some justice to this fact. In a sense, part of Neizvestny's work already constitutes just such a memorial.

But his art has wider references. It is a comment on the relationship between man and the machine or, more generally, on man's ability to interrupt and alter the processes of nature. It is realistic comment. It takes into account the fact that the intrusion of the machine—combined with the knowledge that it makes possible—has increased and qualitatively changed the human possibility of suffering. This is why Neizvestny has no use for classic harmony. At the same time he shows that man is stronger than the machine. His "Machine-Men" are not spiritless robots, nor are they monsters: they are men adapting to a new condition. He shows this with the human body. A chain is only as strong as its links; a machine—or an argument—is as strong as its parts. But a man is stronger than most of his parts—and may one day become stronger than any of them. He can survive subtractions and additions. By comparison with him all artifacts are absurdly delicate. Such is the meaning of Neizvestny's figures.

There are some affinities between Neizvestny and Rodin. Both have, as artists, a strong sexual impetus; both are concerned with ideas. Neither of them is in any sense a formalist. Both are deeply involved with the idea of endurance. But here also is the revealing difference between them.

For Rodin, endurance meant the suffering of inevitable change. This is implicit in such works as "She Who Was Once the Helmet-Maker's Beautiful Wife." He saw time as a current that eventually swept all away. "How we imitate, or rather how we are nature," he said. "Those clouds are no more capricious than we. Our souls and our thoughts are fleeting too."

Neizvestny's very different view of time is the result of his remaining faithful to that self which was given up for dead. Everything that follows is an unexpected gift. He has ceased—except purely physiologically—to be the victim of time. He is its surveyor. Hence, for him, endurance means the extension of what is possible: the reduction of what was previously thought impossible.

It is not so difficult, with the help of Marxism, to arrive at such a point as an intellectual hypothesis. But for an artist to make it utterly implicit in his work requires very rare experience and very rare qualities.

RECORDS / Benjamin Boretz

STRAVINSKY: *Pulcinella.* Irene Jordan, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6281/MS 6881.

Le Baiser de la fée. Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6203/MS 6803.

Perséphone. Vera Zorina, speaker; Michele Molese, tenor; Ithaca College Concert Choir; Texas Boys' Choir; Gregg Smith Singers; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6319/MS 6919.

Agon. (with Gunther Schuller): *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee.* Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2879.

The complete *Pulcinella* is one of the peaks of Stravinsky's discovery in terms of large-scale consecution and local detail. Because of the familiarity (and hence compositional neutrality) of the Pergolesi pieces that form the backdrop for *Pulcinella*'s real structure of rhythm and sonority, one can perceive in its purest form Stravinsky's generation of a wholly new continuity out of the succession of internally uniform sections sharply differentiated in qualities of motion and enunciation. Indeed, the power of such differentiation as a primary unit of relation is largely derived from this very internal simplicity. It creates a macrocontext in which entire sections function as simple "elements," ribbons of texture cut off at different lengths, and thus precisely measurable against one another in terms both of total time difference and the articulative differences with which they fill a given span of time.

The result is a remarkable "rhythm in the large," functioning between separated movements as well as, and most strikingly, within individual "scenes" where several Pergolesi movements are joined to produce a single composite projection. The quality is still further developed by the interspersion among these "composites" of extended "closed" numbers consisting of a *single* Pergolesi piece (the "song" in its first appearance: later, significantly, it returns as an element of a "group"; the trombone-double bass *Vivo;* and the woodwind Gavotte and Variations just before the final scene).

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This macrorhythm is complemented by an extraordinary placement of local details (superimposed on or insinuated into the fabric of the original pieces) that, similarly, extend the sense of a single sonority over longer segments, thus composing a new rhythmic level—the rate of sonority change—that counterpoints with the smaller-scaled inflections within the subsuming frames. And the way Stravinsky has thus approached Pergolesi's conventional 18th-century harmonic limitations—not, as might have been expected, by using them as an open field for elaborative intricacy in the manner of Richard Strauss's Couperin or Schoenberg's Handel, but by intensifying them to transform a collection of compositional trivia into the precisely particularized elements of a total structure—is an awesome demonstration of the compositional craft, in both senses, that Stravinsky has uniquely revealed.

Since almost none of these qualities can be discerned in the Suite of separate movements through which *Pulcinella* is most frequently represented, and which actually reduces it to the set of attractive transcriptions that Diaghilev thought he was commissioning, the need for an adequate recording of the complete work is obvious. Stravinsky's own earlier recording with the Cleveland Orchestra, while instrumentally competent, was vocally catastrophic. The present recording, however, rectifies much more than this vocal deficiency; for the free-lance "Columbia Symphony," precisely because it lacks any predetermined ensemble sound, produces for Stravinsky a sharpness of accentual inflection, a "close" articulation of rhythmic contour, and a fibrous separation of timbral levels that were simply unavailable to the pre-integrated, overconditioned Cleveland players. The advantage, unhappily, is somewhat dissipated by ensemble imperfections, notably a frequent nonsimultaneity of attack, which are evidence of hasty recording practice especially inexcusable in connection with a project of this historical and musical magnitude.

Tchaikowsky's music is rather too directly ancestral for Stravinsky to have produced, in *Le Baiser de la fée*, a *Pulcinella* of the 19th century. There are, after all, places in Tchaikowsky that are (in the rare proper performances) astonishingly "Stravinskian" in texture, sonority and even rhythm (listen, for instance, to Klemperer's recording of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony). Thus the individual pieces in the *Baiser* are rather too nostalgically handled, are never welded into the special concision and proportional precision of their *Pulcinella* analogues. If anything, they seem somewhat overextended in presentation, and single "numbers" are sustained over such long spans that they tend to "close" internally, never creating a piece-to-piece connection that transcends their episodic succession.

But *Baiser* is interesting, if thus on a lesser level, for what Stravinsky hears in Tchaikowsky's orchestrations and textures; in his accentuation and, especially, his harmony. In particular, interesting ideas of phrase accent result from Stravinsky's special instrumental partitioning of linear conjunctions—an especially "nice" touch since so much of Tchaikowsky's own characteristic phraseology derived from *his* approach to this domain. And there are, predictably, quantities of wonderful ideas of instrumental sonority—low flute, tremolo strings, plucked basses, etc.—but primarily one is aware of that magnificent Stravinskian absence of sonorous redundancy, the constant accretion and discovery of new combinations that are not simply "different" or "varied" but "developmental." Thus, for example, in the last section a locally "beautiful" conjunction of woodwinds, harp and horn is transformed into a relation of bowed and plucked strings, and then expanded into a full-orchestral sonority—a succession whose insight into the range of timbre-relational possibility should permanently transform the auditory awareness of any attentive listener. Performance and recording in the present release are reasonably faithful.

Of the other recordings, *Perséphone* is the one Stravinsky work whose hybrid elements seem to remain unreconciled, and where the presentational manner imposes requirements of contrast, transition and proportion that don't appear to merge with a unitary compositional idea. The result is a sense of "padding," event emptiness, and even at some points a purely gestural appropriateness that almost negates all the strokes of imaginative idea. The very sharpness of this recording (except for a pitch-uncertain tenor) exaggerates the fundamental soft-headedness of the music. And the Boston Symphony's performance of *Agon* warrants mention only to warn that its conceptual and executive misrepresentation imposes articulative ponderousness and sonorous homogenization on one of the most intricately lucid works of the century.

TWO DEPARTURES

1. GIRAFFES

The giraffes got away at dusk,
the pair of them headed for the zoo exit,
along with the departing crowd—
two giants hardly seen against foliage in half-light
floating down the path among the trees,
their hooves frolicking out just as the gates were shut,

and the keepers chasing too late after into a deserted street
as the tall shapes faded in the dark air.

2. GIANTS

Out in the street the two giants
head home after work like everyone else
with rolled-up workclothes under their arms, holding lunchboxes,
and make their way to the train
that will take them to their nearby village:
It is Italy.

I was afraid, and ran ahead into a restaurant
and watched the approaching scene
from a table through the plate-glass window.
A gang of boys were following them down the street
like they do in Italian towns
attracted by the great mis-shapen bodies and knobby heads.
And as the giants turned off toward the railroad station,
no monsters but just workmen after all
living dull, hard-working, ordinary lives
(luckily there were two so they had each other)
the whole gang of boys streamed into the restaurant where I was
and let them go on.

EDWARD FIELD

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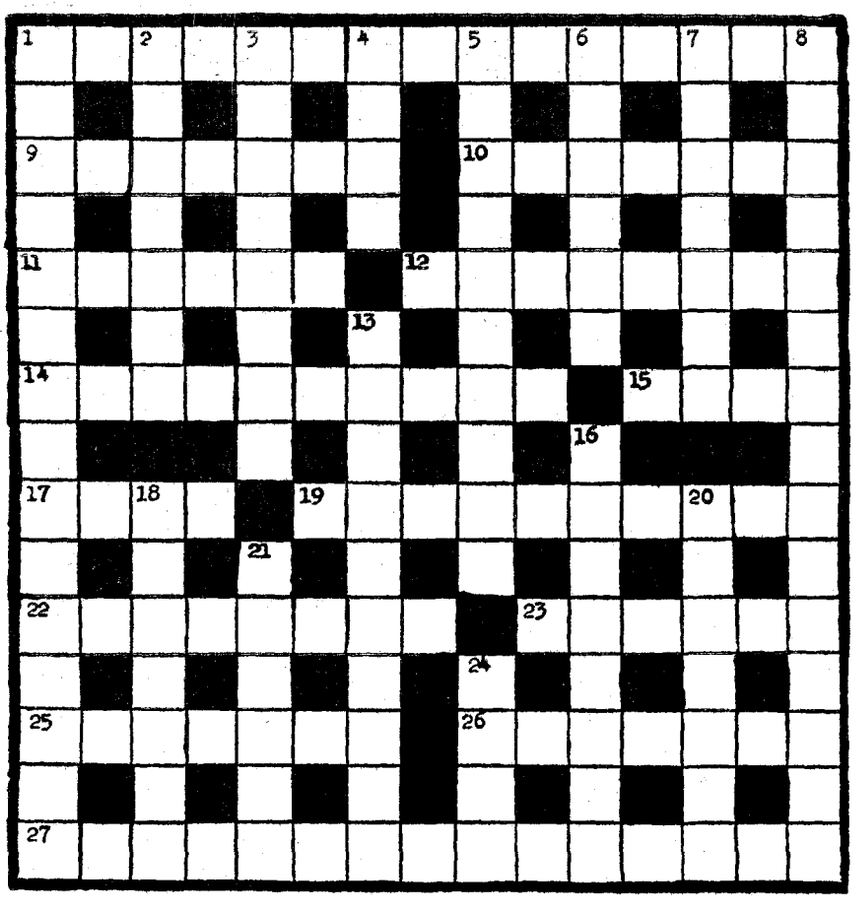
Crossword Puzzle No. 1176

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 If one sees a sultan drive in a strange way, such people don't try to look well. (15)
9 Experience. (7)
10 How the percussion section might consider the quiet passages. (7)
11 Came down with cold condition, and cried? (6)
12 Deviates from the calming type? (8)
14 You might be on the right track with one, but still in the dark. (5, 5)
15 See 4 down
17 Dean of Bingen? (4)
19 A really fabulous horn! (10)
22 Are misanthropes, because they do? (8)
23 A plant of Siam, strangely enough, to be found around an American state shortly. (6)
25 Mitigate, like usage, in a way. (7)
26 The rote involved in addition? (7)
27 Duke Ellington's song, given without short notice, and how the subject behaved? (15)

DOWN:

1 Having us mail law letters for a man of note? (7, 8)
2 Certainly not a little girl fish dishing it out! (7)
3 Racks, perhaps. (8)
4 and 15 It might prevent a smash opening, but drops too violently! (4, 4)
5 Proving people with no wings are peculiar? (10)
6 One can't be trusted, if a bad sailor overseas. (7)
7 Made of calf, fit only to cause 3. (7)
8 Is the justification of the egoist? (4-11)
13 Hunter keeps such a trio of stars around him. (6, 4)
16 There's usually no purpose in having one. (8)
18 Donate a little food? The faint-hearted does easily. (5, 2)
20 Go ahead! (7)
21 Talk a little, with the content a little salty. (6)
24 About the ear? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1175

ACROSS: 1 Lackluster; 6 and 24 Stoppage; 10 Neptune; 11 Trainer; 12 Ibis; 13 Impalpable; 15 Linseed; 16 Tonneau; 17 Newborn; 20 Palatial; 22 Sidewinder; 23 Trio; 25 Upshoot; 26 Swahili; 27 Duty; 28 Spenserian. DOWN: 1 Long Island Sound; 2 Caption; 3 Lout; 4 Stemmed; 5 Extract; 7 Tenable; 8 Perpetual motion; 9 Campanile; 14 Lemonwood; 18 Wideset; 19 Nonstop; 20 Press on; 21 Termini.

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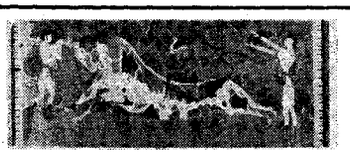

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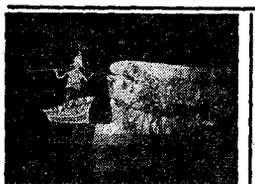

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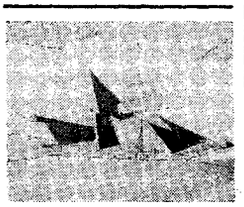

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